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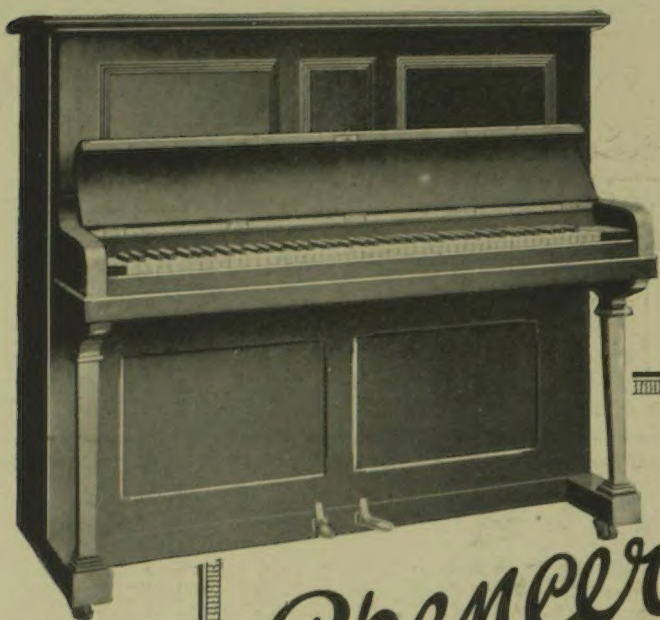
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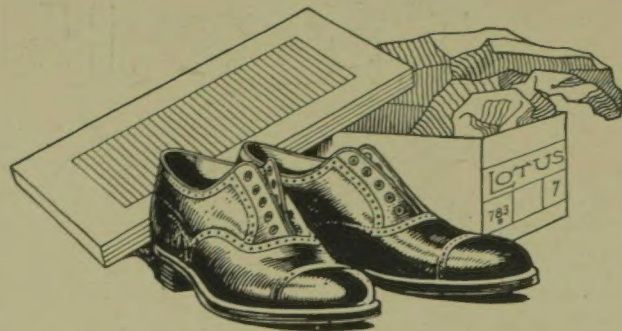
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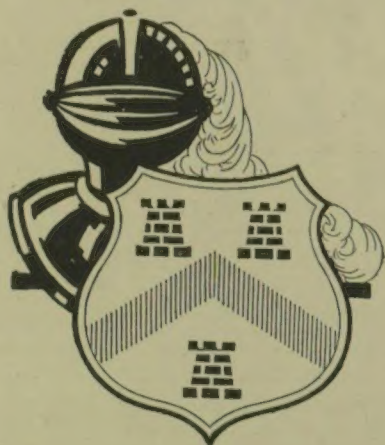
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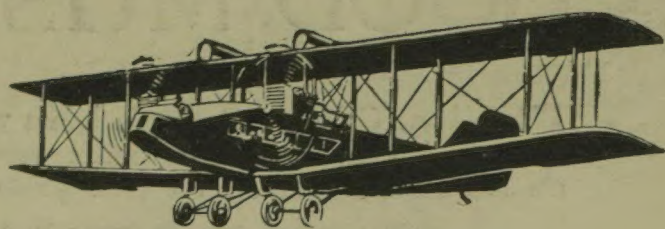
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1925.

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This fine marble statue is now to be added to the series of imperial portraits in the Roman Museums. It is a portrait-statue of Tiberius lately discovered during the excavation of an ancient Roman villa in the neighbourhood of Lake Nemi (among the Alban hills near Rome), the famous summer resort of the Roman aristocracy in imperial times. Tiberius was born in November, 42 B.C. and did not ascend the throne as Emperor until 14 A.D., when he was 56. The newly found sculpture represents him as a youth, when, before his adoption by Augustus, he lived at the latter's court as a member of the great

[Continued opposite.

Continued.] Claudian family. The chief features of his face are visibly those of the gens Claudia; as, for instance, the huge round cranium and the large ears. Characteristic of Tiberius, too, as other extant portraits show, is the short line of the mouth, with the small vertical wrinkles on either side of it, which are peculiar to Livia Augusta, his mother, and her descendants. The tenacity, the absolute impassibility of his character, his cold calculation, and his energy are manifest in his face. The figure is dressed in the sacrificial toga, worn on the head, like the statues of many other Roman emperors and princes.

A DISCOVERY OF THE GREATEST HISTORICAL INTEREST:
A NEW PORTRAIT-STATUE OF TIBERIUS.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY A CORRESPONDENT.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAPPEN to have been wandering about in the ancient and modern city of Bath. As it happens, it is in a rather special sense ancient and modern; it is not in a visible sense very mediæval. Those correspondents who imagine that I am never happy except when embracing a gargyle or enacting the ceremonial of a guild would picture me as forlorn in a place so classical; but I am feeling very cheerful, thank you. Bath is indeed associated with one grand gargyle as great as a cathedral. The Wife of Bath is a figure as formidable as Mrs. Gamp, and conceived in truth with greater charity than that of Charles Dickens. But, in the main, Bath is, as I have said, a city of the Romans and of the rationalist eighteenth century, with something of a valley of oblivion in between. Yet I do not sit down and weep by the waters of Bath as by the waters of Babylon, or hang my mediæval harp on an eighteenth-century poplar, or ask how I am to sing mediæval carols in a strange land.

The truth is that I, for one, feel a great sympathy not only for the place, but for the period. I do not say that I model myself on Beau Nash in every detail of dress and demeanour, but I pick up with great interest all the stories about him, and all that was typical of his time. And I think the thing most typical of his time was that famous order given by Beau Nash that no swords were to be worn in Bath. It marks a paradox of the time and its relation to our own time. We do not wear swords, but we should like to. Whenever we get a chance of doing it in the Pageant of Putney or the historical procession of the Crusaders of Croydon, we do. Whenever we can do it in private theatricals or a fancy-dress ball, we do. And when we can only call up the image of a man with a sword by writing or reading a romance about the eighteenth century, we do. But the real man of the eighteenth century did it and wished he didn't. He was beginning to feel a fool with a lethal weapon dangling round his legs. He felt as if he had an antiquated battle-axe hung round his neck or a battering-ram carried under his arm. Beau Nash expressed the inmost spirit of his time, which worshipped civilisation and good sense, when he imposed a policy of disarmament on the city of pleasure.

Exactly the same spirit may be noted in "The Rivals." We write romantic plays and novels about Bath in the eighteenth century, glittering with rapiers and even moderately sprinkled with gore. But Sheridan's play shows a spirit of curious coldness to the romantic side of the duel, and a lively sense of the ridiculous side. The hero fights—or rather, is ready to fight—as a matter of dull convention; but there is no attempt to use the duel to make the hero more heroic. But, while it is possible to have a great deal of sympathy with this sanity, it is essential to realise that there was in it something of simplicity. The age of reason was in some ways an age of innocence. It had more illusions than the ages of faith.

When Voltaire told man to cultivate his garden, he did not realise how near the garden was to the Garden of Eden. I do not deny that Voltaire was in a sense the serpent in his own Eden. But even he was in some ways a very innocent snake. I mean that he saw the whole problem as much simpler than it has since become—or rather, than it has since proved itself to be. Voltaire would certainly have agreed with Beau Nash that sensible men might very well leave off wearing swords. But certainly Voltaire, and possibly Beau Nash, would have been consider-

ably puzzled to find that the later period of dropping rapiers was by no means a period of abandoning armaments. The very age in which a man thought it as crazy to wear a sword as to wave a firebrand was, nevertheless, the age in which the world was most ruthlessly and widely swept with fire and sword. We do not make ourselves ridiculous by wearing toy swords at tea-parties; we do not carry useless weapons on harmless occasions. No indeed; there is nothing useless about our weapons. Wastes of carnage and cart-loads of dead attest and advertise their utility. We kill millions of men with new instruments far too horrible to be worn as a part of evening dress. But I doubt whether Voltaire would have been relieved to hear that the tortures of the Inquisition and the

mood would last. For it must be remembered that these new monstrosities really were new; they arose, if only indirectly, out of the new philosophy. They were not merely the old tyrannies and superstitions against which the philosophers had protested. It was not that the Inquisition managed to survive Voltaire. It was not that the luxury of the Borgias managed to linger in the lighter dandyism of Beau Nash. It was science, it was the natural philosophy encouraged by the Encyclopædists, which begat Zeppelins and mustard gas. It was the French Revolution that produced the conscription of whole peoples; that produced first Napoleon and then Moltke and then Foch. I do not merely deplore this militant development in the sense that pacifists deplore it. But I do say that

Voltaire and his school would deplore it. They would all the more deeply deplore it, if they realised that they had done a good deal to produce it. If the scientific satirists of the Inquisition had seen some scenes of the Great War, they would have hesitated between the hell they had denounced and the hell they had created.

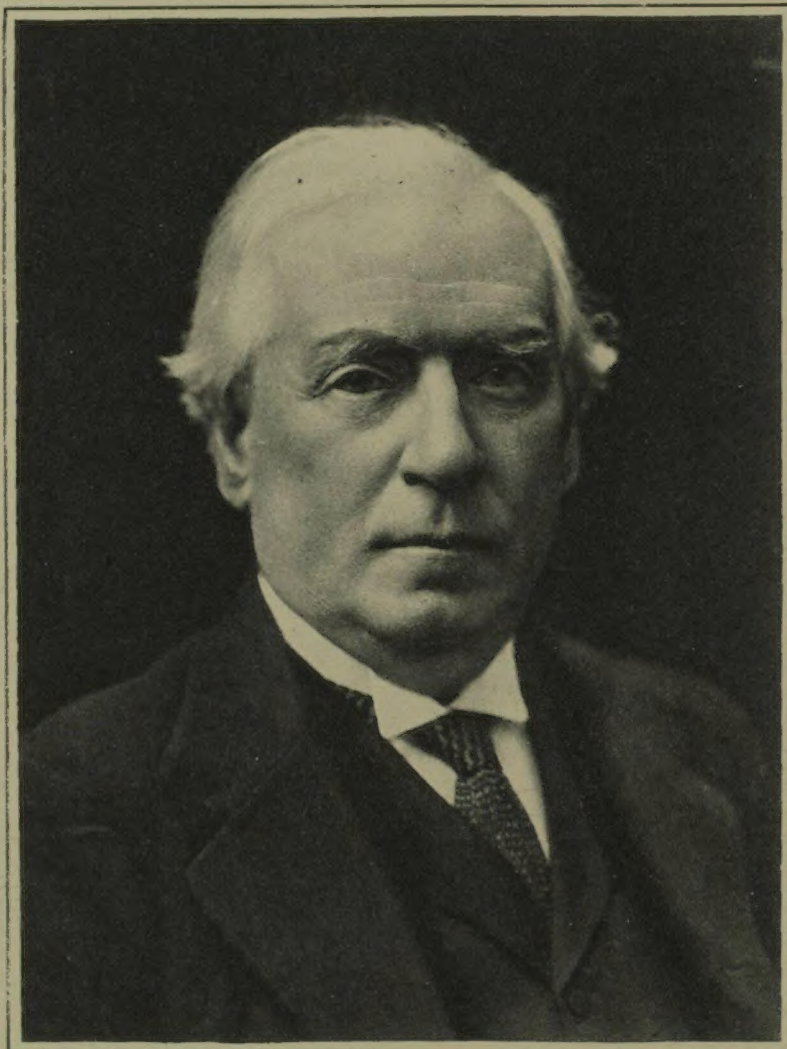
But war is only one fact that illustrates this interlude of innocence. It felt itself to be more polished than anything that had gone before; but we must realise that in some ways it was more polished than what has come after—just as the smooth stream of the verse of Pope flows, as it were, between two more rugged banks—between the rocks of Browning and the rocks of Donne. Yet it was not, as is often supposed, artificial. There really was a certain youthful freshness about it which cannot be recovered any more than youth. For instance, its scepticism was a form of optimism; while ours is generally a form of pessimism.

These men believed in sweeping superstitious ruins off the green fresh bosom of their mother earth. But they believed she was a mother and not a step-mother; and they believed that the more superstitious a philosopher swept away, the greener and fresher he would find her.

Alas! it was the philosopher who was fresh and green. But for this very reason, where his philosophy failed as philosophy, it had all the more of a certain unconscious poetry. It believed it was abolishing ruins, but in truth it was building ruins; and there is no ruin so antiquated or so picturesque as that broken classical column on which was inscribed: "Deo erexit Voltaire."

That was why, for instance, it called what we call science by the name of natural philosophy. It lingers in a certain light and aerial quality in the word "naturalist," which sounds so much breezier and brighter than "biologist." It was before science had begun to meddle with morbid moral questions, making them more morbid than before. It was before the scientist had begun to vivisection living creatures or living creeds. It was before he

had begun to put poisons into the body for inoculation and into the mind for instruction. It was before he had begun to pose as a martyr and while he was still as cheerful a saint. We think of the eighteenth-century naturalist as a big boy with a big butterfly-net; perhaps he was more expert with the butterfly-net than with the pin and cork. But that is exactly why there is breeze and bright sunlight in the picture of him, and why the landscape is the landscape of Gainsborough or of Greuze. He is out in the meadows, following a butterfly as he might follow a kite—or a cloud. He is not cramped and crushed in that tiny cell that is called the scientific universe.



TO BE RAISED TO THE PEERAGE AS EARL OF OXFORD: MR. ASQUITH, THE VETERAN LIBERAL LEADER.

It was announced on January 26 that the Rt. Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith had accepted the offer of a peerage, and that he would go to the House of Lords as the Earl of Oxford. This historic title was held by the De Veres from the twelfth century until 1703. It was revived in 1711 in favour of Robert Harley, who was appointed Prime Minister in that year, and it again became extinct in 1853. The offer of a peerage was made to Mr. Asquith by the King, immediately after the General Election (in which he lost his seat at Paisley), in recognition of his eminent public services and especially of his 8½ years (1908-1916) of Premiership. Mr. Asquith asked for time to consider his decision during his holiday in Egypt and Palestine, from which he recently returned. He was born at Morley, Yorkshire, in 1852, and entered the House of Commons in 1886.—[Photograph by Russell.]

poison of the Borgias were being hurled through the air against whole populations, as the price we pay for getting rid of a few jewelled sword-hilts or gilded scabbards. I doubt whether even Beau Nash would be completely happy in the reflection that nobody now dreams of wearing a sword when taking the waters, if it were accompanied by the reflection that (in the last great war) men poisoned not only the waters, but even the very air.

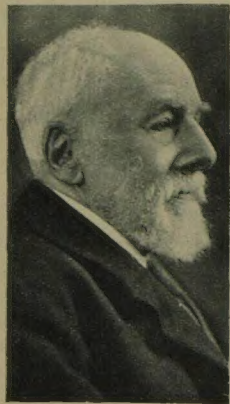
What I mean by the innocence of the eighteenth-century rationalists is the fact that they really had no notion how short a time their own more rational

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

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PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK, HAY WRIGHTSON, HAINES, ELLIOTT AND FRY, CENTRAL PRESS, AND C.N.



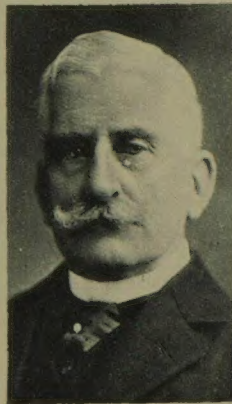
AN EMINENT ENGINEER: THE LATE SIR GUILFORD MOLESWORTH.



FOUNDER OF THE VETERANS' CLUB: THE LATE MAJOR E. A. HAGGARD.



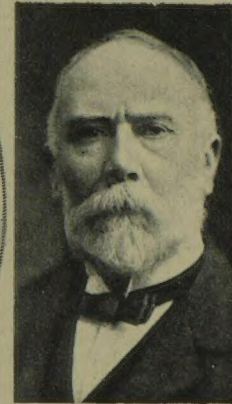
DEFEATED IN THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR: THE LATE GENERAL KUROPATKIN.



CHAIRMAN OF THE G.E.R. FOR 30 YEARS: THE LATE LORD CLAUD HAMILTON.



THE OLDEST FIELD-MARSHAL DEAD: THE LATE LORD GRENFELL.



A FAMOUS HEART SPECIALIST: THE LATE SIR JAMES MACKENZIE.



NOW TO BE THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD: MRS. ASQUITH, WIFE OF THE EX-PREMIER, ATTIRE FOR MOTORING.



THE QUEEN AT NORWICH CATHEDRAL FOR THE RE-DEDICATION OF THE ANCIENT EPISCOPAL THRONE: HER MAJESTY WITH THE BISHOP (LEFT) AND THE DEAN.



TO BE HEIR TO THE EARLDOM OF OXFORD: MASTER JULIAN ASQUITH, SON OF THE LATE MR. RAYMOND ASQUITH.



A SPORTING INDIAN PRINCE AND PRINCESS, WITH THEIR "BAG"—A FINE TIGER: THE MAHARAJAH OF INDORE AND SOME OF HIS A.D.C.'S ON A SHOOTING TRIP.



THE PREMIER AS HUNT HOST AT CHEQUERS: MR. BALDWIN (PATting A HOUND) WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER AND LITTLE GRANDSON (COLIN MUNRO); MR. TYRWHITT DRAKE, M.F.H. (RIGHT), AND LORD DALMENY (LEFT, IN HUNTING CAP).

Sir Guilford Molesworth, who was ninety-six, had been Director-General of Railways in Ceylon, and technical adviser on railway construction to the Government of India.—Major Edward Haggard, a brother of Sir Rider Haggard, and himself also a novelist, was the first secretary of the Union Jack Club.—General Kuropatkin was the Russian Commander-in-Chief in the disastrous war with Japan.—Lord Claud Hamilton, who was Chairman of the old Great Eastern Railway for thirty years, retired in 1922. He was an M.P. for many years.—Lord Grenfell fought in the Kaffir War of 1878, and later in Egypt. His defeat of the Dervishes at Toski in 1889 is regarded as a classic example

of desert fighting with fanatics. He was afterwards Governor of Malta and Commander-in-Chief in Ireland.—Sir James Mackenzie, the great heart specialist, who himself died of heart failure, threw up a brilliant career in Harley Street to found an Institute of Clinical Research at St. Andrews.—The Queen attended the re-dedication in Norwich Cathedral, on January 25, of the eleventh-century episcopal throne.—Master Julian Asquith is the son of the ex-Premier's eldest son, the late Mr. Raymond Asquith, killed in the war.—At Mr. Baldwin's invitation, the Old Berkeley Hunt met at Chequers on January 24.

Landscape = Gardening Under the Pharaohs.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN THE PRECINCTS OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TEMPLES.

Abridged from an Article by H. E. WINLOCK in Part II. of the December 1924 "Bulletin" of the Metropolitan Museum of Art (New York). Illustrations also reproduced by Courtesy of the Museum.

Mr. Winlock's article, from which the following extracts are taken, covers thirty pages of the "Bulletin," including illustrations, and describes the 1923-4 season's work of the expedition to Thebes from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. A similar abridgment of an article describing previous results appeared, with illustrations, in our issue of April 14, 1923.

FOR the fifth consecutive season the neighbourhood of Deir el-Bahri has been the field of the Museum's excavations in the Theban Necropolis, and if one who knew the place as it was should return

without compunction. Except on purely historical grounds we can scarcely complain at this when we consider the magnificent structure which rose in the place of the unimposing little shrine. Rather, since Hatshepsut's monument is one of the great works of Egyptian art, we have only cause for self-congratulation when we find ourselves able to add several new items to present-day knowledge of it.

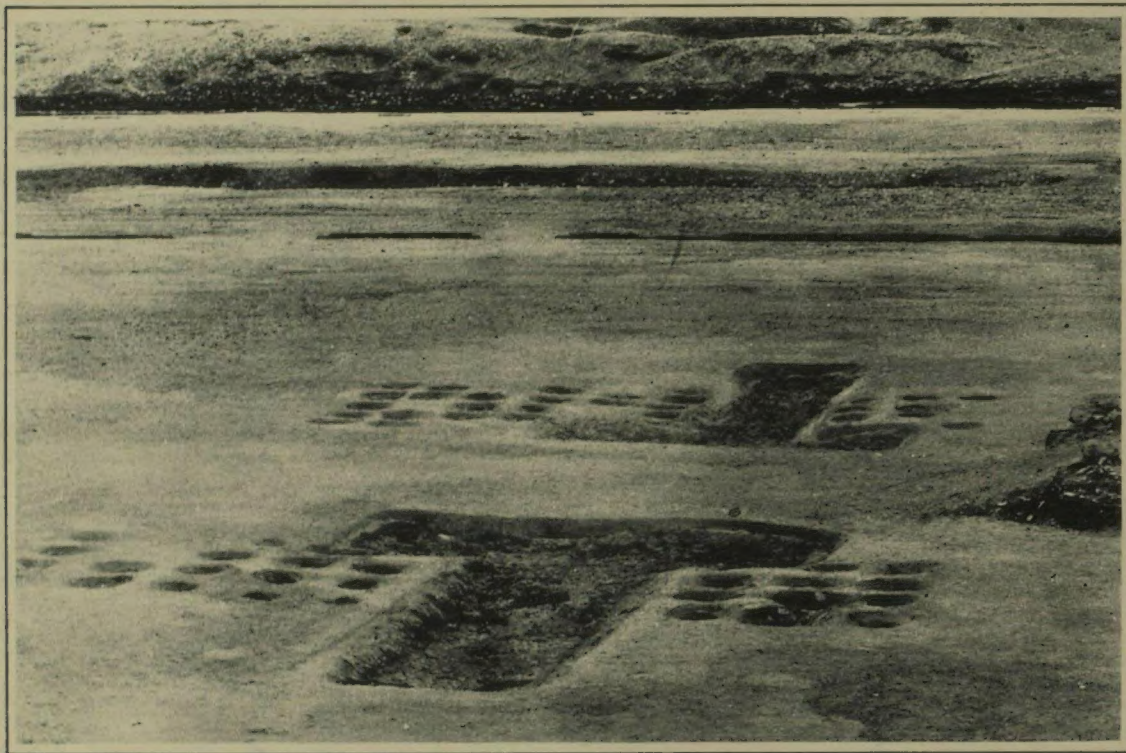
Each foundation deposit was placed under a layer of sand in a circular hole lined with brick, if it was not cut in the bed-rock. In every one were models of the tools with which the temple was to be built—adzes, axes, chisels, and mallets for the carpenters;

It was on these jars that we found engraved the clue to the meaning of the deposits: "The Daughter of the Sun-God, Hatshepsut. She made this as her monument to her father Amon at the time of stretching the cord over the Temple of Amon of Deir el-Bahri (Zeser-zeseru). May she be living!" Now, "the time of the stretching of the cord" was the time of the laying out of the temple, before the construction had been started. At this foundation ceremony a deposit was placed at each corner or other important point in the intended plan. Our four new deposits defined the eastern façade of the building, and from their alignment it can be seen that it was intended "at the stretching of the cord" that this front should be parallel with the oblique front wall of the Mentuhotep court, on a line very different from that finally adopted. And, furthermore, the two central deposits are close together and in advance of the line of the others, marking clearly a place for a ramp south of the ramp actually built.

Shortly after finding the foundation deposits we unearthed a new and striking feature of the temple plan as it was finally completed. We had been on the look-out for a grove of trees such as that in front of the Mentuhotep temple. We can say positively now that no such grove existed. Except for one in the north-east corner of the forecourt and one on either side of the temple ramp there were no trees in Hatshepsut's day in front of the temple. The stumps of some palms are still to be seen there, but they clearly belong to the much later grave pits. However, to supply the green so dear to the Egyptian's heart, there were two shallow papyrus pools surrounded by little circular flower-beds on either hand as one approached the ramp to the upper terraces. That they should still be at all recognisable is astounding. (See photographs on this page.)

They are merely shallow, T-shaped hollows, unlined, but still filled with mud crackled just as it was on the day when they were first neglected and allowed to dry up. In this mud one may still to-day pick up bits of the papyrus stalks. Since some of these stalks were cut in lengths for paper making, and since among them lay a fowler's throw-stick, it would appear that, as part of the dedication ceremonies at the temple, papyrus was cut and birds were caught in these miniature marshes, just as Hatshepsut is seen doing on the walls of the temple in the celebration of the ritual of certain of the gods.

Incidentally, the bas-relief in the north-east colonnade of the temple which shows Hatshepsut hunting in the marshes is one of the most attractive in the temple, but when it was copied by Carter for



"THAT THEY SHOULD STILL BE RECOGNISABLE IS ASTOUNDING": TWO SHALLOW T-SHAPED PAPYRUS POOLS IN FRONT OF THE TEMPLE OF QUEEN HATSHEPSUT (EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY) AT DEIR EL-BAHRI.

to-day he would see a marked change in the landscape.

A special care is due to a spot which is one of the most striking sights in the world and is covered with monuments from the days of King Mentuhotep, before 2000 B.C., to the final abandonment of the Christian monasteries of Phoebammon and Epiphanius after 600 A.D. It would have been a sacrilege to have dug it over and then have left it trenched and pitted like some shell-torn battle-front, and therefore we have tried conscientiously to dispose of the dirt from our diggings so as at least to approximate the gradings of the ancient temple courts and tomb ramps.

To-day the tourist sees the temples across the wide, artificial plain that was once their forecourts, and though now the walls are only fragments, he can readily trace their lines and need not strain his imagination unduly to picture how they looked. On the northern side he can actually see Hatshepsut's boundary wall to its full height for many yards of its length, for we have uncovered it from the mound under which it was buried, and even set back in place the blocks fallen from one large breach. From the foreground we have removed the heaps of rubbish and the old house built by the Egypt Exploration Fund thirty years ago, and thus have reopened the view to the Mentuhotep temple. We laid bare the north wall of Hatshepsut's court. And then behind it we found the northern limit of Mentuhotep's gigantic temenos. Hatshepsut's great temple, after all, is almost entirely built within the earlier courtyard. Mentuhotep's monument, as originally conceived, is now seen to have been fronted by an artificial plain about 250 yards wide and practically as long. The curious thing is that, as actually finished, the final Mentuhotep court, fenced in by fine white limestone walls, was but a fraction as large as the original grading intended for it.

Our work had by this time led us all the way across the court of the temple of Hatshepsut, and our excavations brought to light the actual foundations of a little temple built by Amenhotep and Nefretiri underneath the level of the Hatshepsut courtyard.

So far as can be seen to-day, the chapel of Amenhotep I. had been a small adobe-brick structure which Hatshepsut's architect, Senmut, had cleared away

and sand-sieves, brick-moulds, and the curious rockers on which stones were raised, for the masons. With them were placed dishes of meat, bread, and fruits to represent the perpetual provision which was to be made for the gods and for Hatshepsut herself in her new shrine; and in order that they might be able to



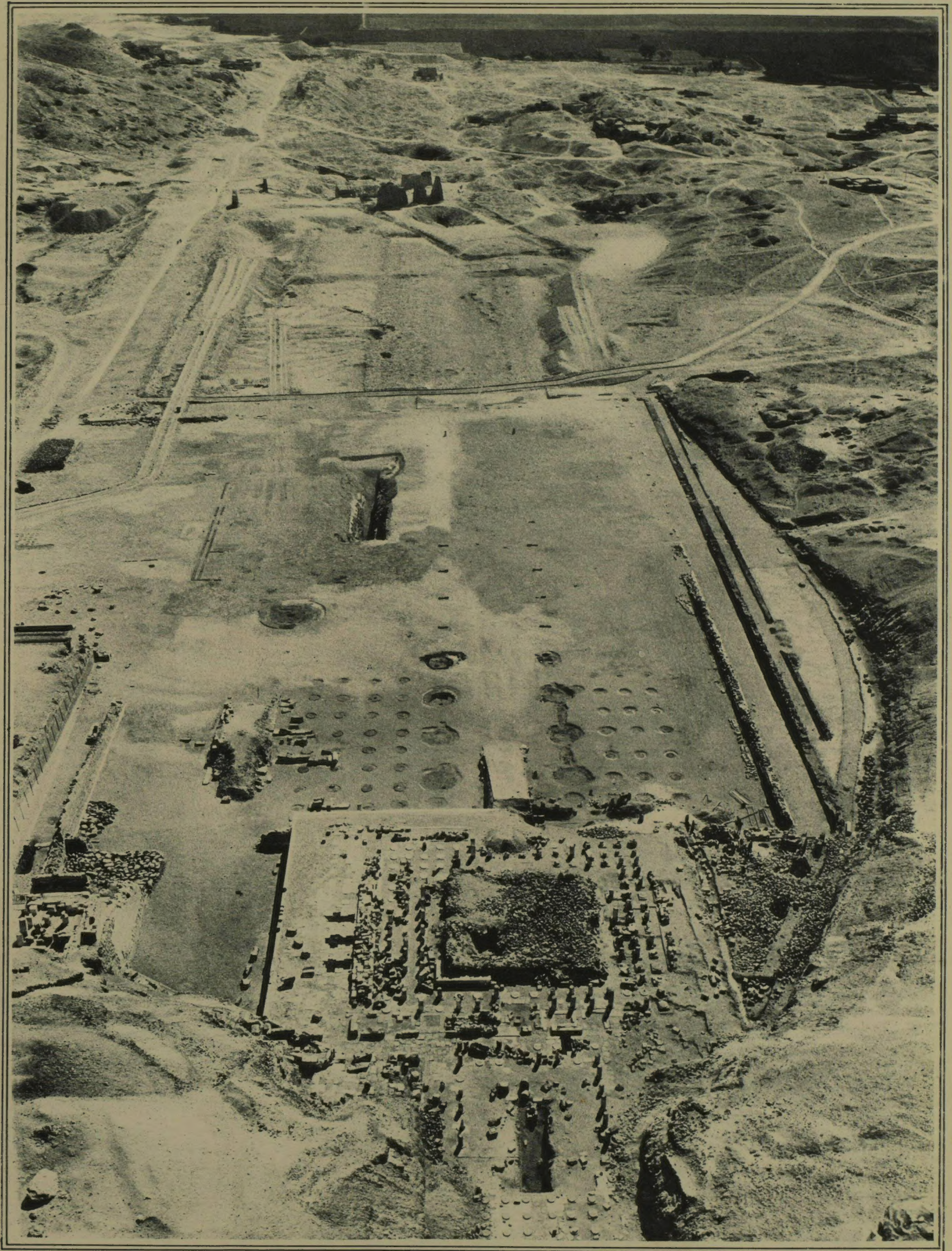
"STILL FILLED WITH MUD CRACKLED JUST AS IT WAS ON THE DAY WHEN THEY WERE FIRST NEGLECTED AND ALLOWED TO DRY UP": ONE OF THE PAPYRUS POOLS FOUND IN FRONT OF HATSHEPSUT'S TEMPLE.

consume these provisions eternally there were placed with the food magic instruments for the "opening of the mouths" of their statues, and alabaster jars of the sacred oils with which to anoint them.

Naville's publication it was far from complete. We were fortunate enough to find a number of new stones from the wall which go a long way towards completing it.

A PHARAOH'S TEMPLE AND ITS GROVES: TAMARISK AND SYCAMORE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



SHOWING THE FOUR ROWS OF HOLES FOR TAMARISK TREES (LEFT) BEFORE THE NORTH PORCH OF THE TEMPLE (FOREGROUND) OF MENTUHOTEP III., AND THE REOPENED TOMB OF BAB EL HOSAN (TOP CENTRE): THE TEMPLE AND ITS FORECOURT.

In the article of which part appears on page 166, Mr. H. E. Winlock writes: "Among the most interesting of the new results from our work in recent years on the Eleventh Dynasty temple of King Mentuhotep, the grove of trees in front of it is perhaps the most striking. . . . Two years ago the story was told of how we first found it. We had discovered on either side of the temple ramp a row of large circular plots of earth which had been planted with sycamore-fig trees, and opposite the southern porch of the temple three rows of tamarisks—seven tree stumps to each row. We had identified as an original project for

this grove a plan drawn on a slab of sandstone, which showed opposite the south porch (on right above) three rows of tamarisks, changed, as we believed, from an original four. The plan was broken where the northern porch should have been, nor had our excavations gone as far as that, but we had the temerity to give a sketch [reproduced, with the slab, in 'The Illustrated London News' of April 14, 1923] restoring four rows of trees to that side. This year, on the very first day we struck the first tamarisk stumps opposite the northern temple porch, and they appeared one after another, lined up in four straight rows."

PICTURESQUE BALKAN ROYALTIES IN ROMANTIC SETTINGS: THE RULING HOUSE OF RUMANIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

"JULIETTA," BUCHAREST.



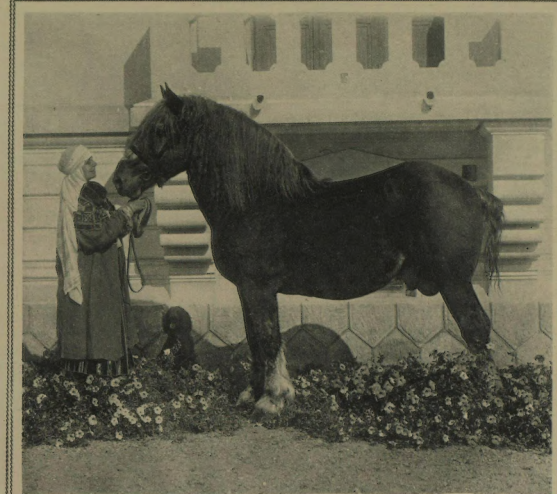
IN AFFECTIONATE "CONVERSATION" WITH HER PET ALSATIAN WOLFHOUND: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF RUMANIA (FORMERLY KNOWN AS PRINCESS HELENA OF GREECE) IN A CORNER OF THE ROYAL COURTYARD.



IN RUMANIAN COSTUME: A CHARMING PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS ILEANA, THE YOUNGEST AND ONLY UNMARRIED DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF RUMANIA.



A PICTURESQUE BALCONY SCENE AT THE PALACE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF RUMANIA: THE CROWN PRINCESS HELENA—AN UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAIT.



BRITISH-BORN, AND ONE OF THE CLEVEREST AND MOST POPULAR OF EUROPEAN ROYALTIES: QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA, IN NATIONAL COSTUME, ON FAMILIAR TERMS WITH A BIG FOUR-FOOTED FRIEND.



SHOWING EVIDENCE OF TASTEFUL LUXURY AND A LOVE OF FLOWERS: QUEEN MARIE'S TOILET-TABLE IN HER ROOM AT THE CASTLE OF SINAI.



MONASTIC SIMPLICITY IN WALL-DECORATION ACCOMPANIED BY ARTISTIC FURNITURE: QUEEN MARIE'S BED-ROOM AT THE CASTLE OF SINAI, WITH TWO READING-LAMPS INDICATING A TASTE FOR "BED-BOOKS."



A DELIGHTFUL ROOM COMBINING EASE AND COMFORT WITH EVIDENCES OF LITERARY TASTE IN THE SHAPE OF WELL-STOCKED BOOKSHELVES: QUEEN MARIE'S SALON AT THE CASTLE OF SINAI.



NOTABLE FOR ITS FINE TIMBERED CEILING AND GALLERY, AND BEAUTIFULLY CARVED OVERMANTEL: THE SALON OF THE CROWN PRINCESS OF RUMANIA.

The Royal Family of Rumania are well known and very popular in this country, especially as Queen Marie is a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, and a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. Her father, it may be recalled, was elected King of Greece in 1862, but declined the offer of the throne. Queen Marie, as our photographs indicate, is a great lover of animals and of flowers, as well as of books, and she is herself the author of several. Her marriage to King Ferdinand took place at Sigmaringen in 1893. Their elder son, Prince Carol, married Princess Helena of Greece; and their eldest daughter, Princess Elizabeth, became Queen of Greece, as the wife of the now exiled King George. Their second daughter, Princess Marie, became Queen of Yugo-Slavia by her marriage to

King Alexander; and the youngest daughter, Princess Ileana, is as yet unmarried. Prince Nicholas, their younger son, is an officer in the Rumanian Chasseurs. King Ferdinand, it may be mentioned, recently underwent a slight operation, which was fortunately quite successful. The Crown Prince and Princess arrived in London a few days ago, as guests of the Rumanian Minister and Mme. Titulesco in their beautiful house at 50, Grosvenor Street. Princess Irene of Greece has been with them lately, while Princess Marie of Greece has been staying at Sandringham. The Crown Prince and Princess of Rumania have a little son, Prince Michael, who was born on October 25, 1921.

The Royal Tour in East Africa: "Ngomas" Before the Duke and Duchess of York.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ARRIVE AT MOMBASA: THE DUKE (ON RIGHT) SHAKING HANDS WITH THE PORTUGUESE VICE-CONSUL. INCLUDING NATIVES FROM KENYA COLONY, TANGANYIKA, UGANDA, NYASSALAND, AND THE BELGIAN CONGO: PERFORMERS IN THE "NGOMAS" (DANCES) BEFORE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ON THE DAY OF THEIR ARRIVAL AT MOMBASA.



PAINTED AND BEWIGGED: NATIVE WOMEN AMONG THE PERFORMERS WHO PRESENTED THE DUKE AND DUCHESS WITH A GOLD COIN ON A RED RIBBON "FROM ALL THE MOMBASA DANCERS," WITH AN ARAB ADDRESS IN A HOLLOW ELEPHANT-TUSK.

THE ROYAL VISITORS ENTERTAINED: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT AN OPEN-AIR "AT HOME" GIVEN BY THE MOMBASA SPORTS CLUB.

These interesting photographs, which have just reached us, were taken on December 22, the day on which the Duke and Duchess of York landed at Mombasa from the "Mulbera." Their Royal Highnesses were welcomed by the Governor of Kenya, and they were cheered by thousands of Africans, Arabs, Somalis, and Indians. The Duke and Duchess attended a native dance, or "ngoma," held at a spot whence caravans used to start for the interior in early days. Among the performers, some

of whom wore decorative costumes and others only grass kilts, were stilt-walkers from Kikuyu, in gilt crowns, and a varied company of natives from Kenya Colony, Tanganyika, Uganda, Nyasaland, and the Belgian Congo. A gift to the Royal visitors "from all the Mombasa dancers" consisted of a gold coin hung on a red ribbon, and an elephant's tusk containing an Arab address. An open-air "At Home" was given by the Sports Club.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. D. PATEL, MOMBASA.]

Celestial and Terrestrial: The Eclipse of the Sun; and a Tribute to King Alfonso.



THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN BY THE MOON ON JANUARY 24: FOUR PHASES OF THE EVENT; SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE BLACK DISC OF THE MOON GRADUALLY CREEPING ACROSS THE FACE OF THE SUN.

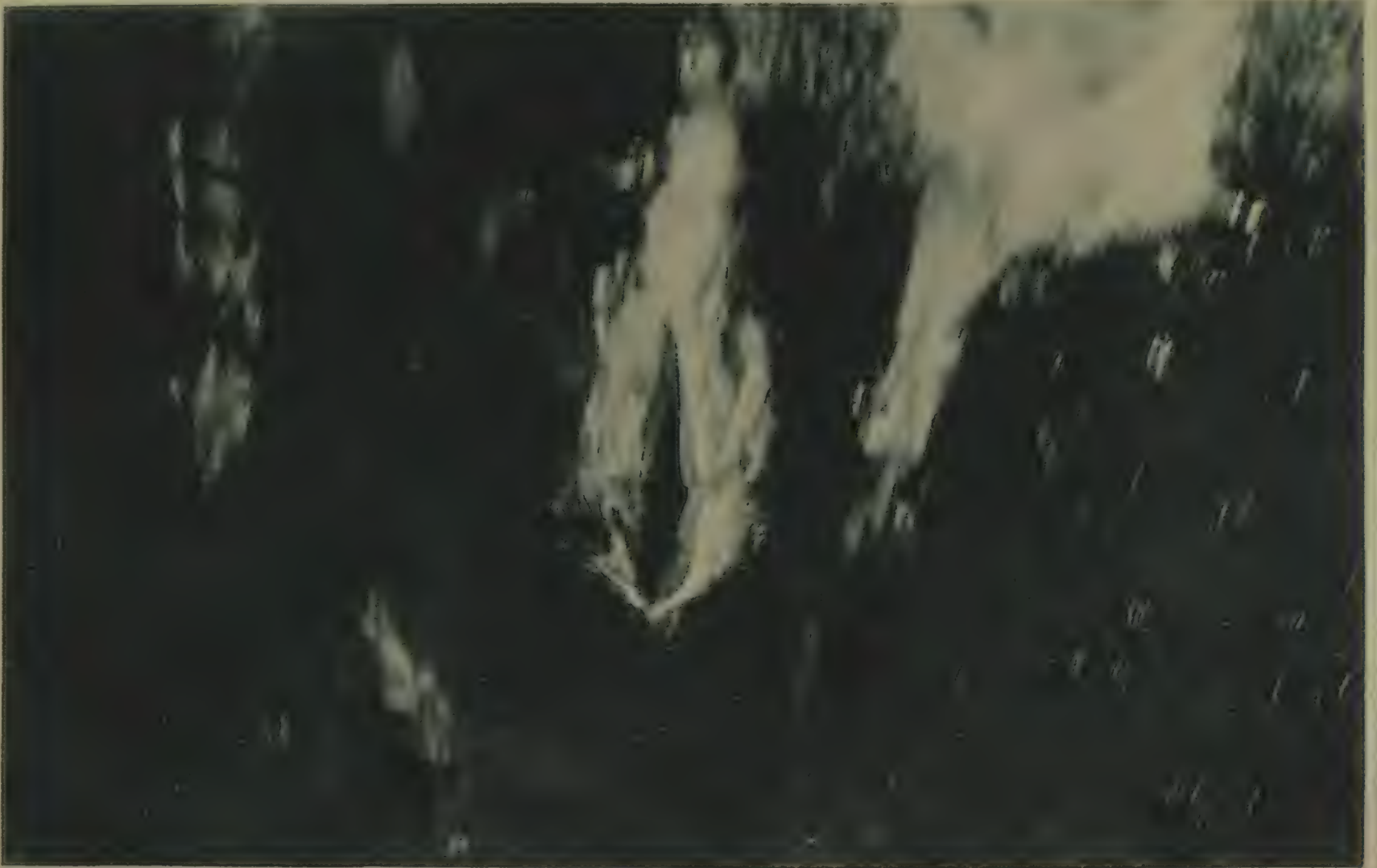
PRESENTED WITH INSIGNIA AS HONORARY MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF EVERY SPANISH MUNICIPALITY: THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN, WITH THE CROWN PRINCE (THIRD FROM LEFT), AFTER A BANQUET HELD IN THEIR HONOUR AS A DEMONSTRATION OF LOYALTY

The eclipse of the sun duly occurred, on January 24, at the time predicted by astronomers, whose prophecies have a way of being punctually fulfilled. As seen from London; the later phases of the event were obscured by clouds, and the change of light was less pronounced than during the similar eclipse of April 8, 1921. In the U.S., it was reported, some 15,000,000 people watched the eclipse,

and many astronomers went up in aeroplanes to observe it.—A great demonstration of loyalty to King Alfonso, as a protest against the attacks of Señor Blasco Ibañez, took place in Madrid on the King's Name Day. There was a march of the Mayors of the forty-nine provinces, and the Mayor of Madrid invested the King and Queen with the insignia of their new offices.

A SCHOOL OF PORPOISES IN THE SEA: REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY M. CLAUSTRES.



LEAPING AND PLUNGING ROUND A LINER RETURNING FROM WEST AFRICA: A SCHOOL OF PORPOISES IN THE ATLANTIC—
WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPHS OF SEA CREATURES IN THEIR NATIVE ELEMENT.

The above very striking photographs of a school of porpoises, following a French liner in the Atlantic, were taken on deck during the homeward voyage from Gaboon, in West Africa. In an accompanying note, a French writer says: "These creatures, which belong to the order of cetaceans, are small dolphins, with a short snout and a triangular dorsal fin. The largest of them are 9 to 10 ft. long. Indomitable swimmers, they are often found in the estuaries of rivers, which they ascend to great distances. They are very agile and indulge in endless evolutions. Numerous schools of porpoises are encountered off the Canaries and

the Cape Verde Islands, and in the Gulf of Guinea. In the days of sailing ships, it was fairly easy to harpoon them when the wind was light, and the sport provided a diversion for the crew, at the same time enabling them to improve their ordinary fare. The flesh of the porpoise is rather coarse, but, when carefully prepared, has an agreeable taste. Unfortunately, the porpoise is a voracious devourer of fish, and pursues his prey into the fishing grounds, where he destroys nets. That is why he is hunted, not indeed with great success, for he possesses extraordinary speed."

"ANTIKEN BECKER" AND THE OLD "GENTLEMEN" HE TOOK FOR DRIVES!

"BECKER THE COUNTERFEITER." By GEORGE F. HILL.*

TO collectors and curators, Carl Wilhelm Becker is a pest and a problem.

Denied his desire to become a sculptor, he started, prosaically enough, as a numismatically inclined wine-merchant, and as a failure-tempting draper. Then, in 1806 or thereabouts, he went to Munich, at whose Mint he learnt to engrave steel dies. Dr. Hill recalls a traditional and intriguing story of how he came to seek that special knowledge whose dangerous use earned him ill-repute and the detestation of the many he has deceived by his skill. "Becker's incentive to making imitations of ancient coins," says the tale, "was due to a trick which was played upon him by a certain Baron von Sch...m of Munich. Becker acquired from the Baron a false gold coin of the Emperor Commodus. When he discovered its falsity and complained of the swindle, the Baron coolly replied that it served him right for meddling with what he did not understand. Becker then set to work to obtain the necessary training, and eventually had the pleasure of making and passing off on the Baron a gold coin, no less rare than the one which the Baron had passed off on him."

Whether that was indeed the true beginning none can prove, but it is certain, on the authority of Georg Friedrich Creuzer's "Zur Gemmenkunde," that in 1806 Becker was counterfeiting gold coins of the Greek Kings; and in the following year he had created his "coin of Antipater." "Created," is, no doubt, the right word, for Dr. Hill notes: "There is nothing extant, and it is extremely unlikely that there was in his time, anything from which he could have copied the Antipater."

From then his life was to be one of laborious days of manufacture, exchange and sale. Until his sight weakened in 1826—four years before his death at the age of fifty-eight—and he began to employ W. Zindel, of Offenbach, to cut his dies, he did his difficult task himself. Others did the mechanical work—turning the dies; making alphabet-punches; melting metals and delivering them in *Kügelchen*, or "globule" form for high reliefs, and in *Platten* for the flatter coins; even supplying old, but common, coins for re-striking. But the rest was Becker. "The striking was done with a sledge-hammer, in the ancient manner, not with a press... how Becker managed it without assistance it is difficult to understand... Becker's total authenticated output comprised the dies for little under 340 different coins and medals."

His speed can be judged from an entry in his diary, which, together with much other valuable material, Dr. Hill was fortunate enough to borrow from Dr. Lucas, of Berlin-Wilmersdorf, President of the Reichswirtschaftsgericht. "In July 1825 we have the following extraordinary record:

"13 July. I began to-day on the Agrigentum M(aximi) M(oduli) and worked at it 3 hours.

"16 July. I worked 4 hours at my medallion of Agrigentum.

"17 July. I worked 7 hours at the M.M. Agrigentum.

"18 July. I worked 4 hours at the Medallion and finished the same before dinner."

"That (if he has not omitted anything) is a total of eighteen hours only for a die. It was the obverse die of the decadrachm illustrated on our first plate [No. 6 in our picture]. . . . The completion in eighteen hours of such a die as the obverse of the Agrigentine decadrachm is almost incredible; but the figures are explicit. And Zindel seems to have worked no less fast."

Of the aging of his productions, Dr. Hill writes: "As to his methods of taking the rawness off his newly finished products, the tradition is that he enclosed them with iron filings in a box attached to the axle of his carriage—'taking his old gentlemen for a drive' he called it, according to the report of Collin, one of the Offenbach Jews who acted as his agents. For once tradition is entirely confirmed by Becker's own words. A constant entry in his diary is in the form '*sodann kutschirte ich meine Münzen*'—then I took my coins for a drive. . . . When he was at Nuremberg on 11 April, 1826, he bought an old Dutch tobacco-box of copper and brass which, he says, will make an excellent box for 'driving' coins in (*Kutschirbüchse*). . . . The treatment of bronze,

"Becker's object was to provide a series illustrating the development of art: the proof that he had no evil intention lay in the fact that in his series there were many common coins, which were often to be got cheaper genuine than in his copies. He also assured Dorow that he always sold his coins at fixed prices, and never at the prices fixed by Mionnet," the author of "Description de médailles antiques grecques et romaines" and "De la rareté et du prix des médailles romaines."

This Dr. Lucas supports, arguing in the coiner's favour his honest friends, and the facts that he never made any secret of the manufacture, possession and use of the dies, even after the so-called forgeries were well known in the market; that none ever sought to prosecute him; and that he offered several times to sell his dies to the authorities.

Dr. Hill is by no means so certain; and he is, of course, a world-famous expert. He wants to know, for instance, why, if Becker's desire was to teach and spread the truth, it can be charged against him that, "though he protested over and over again that he made the most exact copies, some of his

products were not copied from anything, but were of his own invention"; and he would like better explanations than are forthcoming of that curious attempted deal with Conrad Hieronymus Haebler, in which figured three forged pieces—a Lucius Antonius, a Pescennius Niger, and a medallion of Cleopatra; of the arrangements made as to prices for his counterfeits between Becker and various of his sales agents; and, especially, of his instructions to Caesar Danz, who acted for him in the East—and "there were no native amateurs in Stamboul."

He sums up: "I take it that he was, like most of us, a mixture of good and evil; that he began by imitating coins for the fun of the thing—and good fun indeed it must have been to take in some people, such as that Baron at Munich; that other pieces he imitated because he liked them—and this may account for some of the common coins in his series; that sometimes he found it amusing to invent something more or less new, such as he supposed the ancients might have made if they had only thought of it; that he was occasionally un-

able to resist the temptation, when it seemed safe, of allowing his productions to pass for genuine; and, finally, that he was quite ready to reform, if he could be assured of getting a comfortable sum. . . .

"But whatever good there may have been in the man is now forgotten; his coins remain:

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."

So much to introduce Dr. Hill's most excellent book, which is issued that collectors may be in a better position to identify Becker's work as a counterfeiter of ancient Greek coins, not only by means of the full list given, but with the aid of excellently reproduced illustrations from impressions struck off from the extant Becker dies; and, in addition to list and plates, contains much new, informative, and fascinating matter that will be read avidly by experts and by laymen. Dr. Hill is to be congratulated on his "finds" and on his thoroughness; and so are the enterprising Messrs. Spink, who are the publishers. There will be a compelling call for this and the promised companion volume—on Becker's Roman counterfeits.

E. H. G.



BY BECKER THE COUNTERFEITER, AND HIS ASSISTANT, ZINDEL: REMARKABLE EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY IMITATIONS OF ANCIENT GREEK COINS (FACSIMILE SIZE).

The coins in our illustration give a very fair and representative idea of the work of Becker and his assistant, Zindel. No. 1 is of Posidonia (the modern Pæstum); No. 2 an alliance-coin of two obscure cities, Siris and Pyxus; both show reverses with the same type as the obverse, but while the obverse is in relief, the reverse is intaglio. No. 3 is a little coin of the Bruttians; No. 4 one of Rhegium (Reggio on the Straits of Messina); and No. 5 of another forgotten city, Temesa. All these places are in South Italy. The coin of Temesa was made, not by Becker, but by Zindel; it was finished in January 1828, and is distinctly inferior in technique to the others. The two lowest pieces in our illustration (Nos. 6 and 7) are of Agrigentum (Girgenti, in Sicily). The original of the larger is one of the rarest coins in the world, as well as one of the finest. The smaller is partly, if not wholly, the work not of Becker, but of Zindel; in this, which was finished in June 1828, Becker's assistant shows considerable improvement on his work of six months earlier.

Reproduced from "Becker the Counterfeiter," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Spink and Son, Piccadilly, W.

with the object of giving it an antique appearance, is a difficult matter compared with that of silver, and it has been asserted by Steinbüchel that, for that reason, Becker never attempted to counterfeit bronze coins. Nevertheless an entry already . . . shows that he had at any rate the intention of restriking ancient bronze coins; and his series were sometimes issued in bronze. His diary also preserves a recipe (given him by Rettig in Vienna) for patinating bronze, though it does not follow that he proposed to use it for coins."

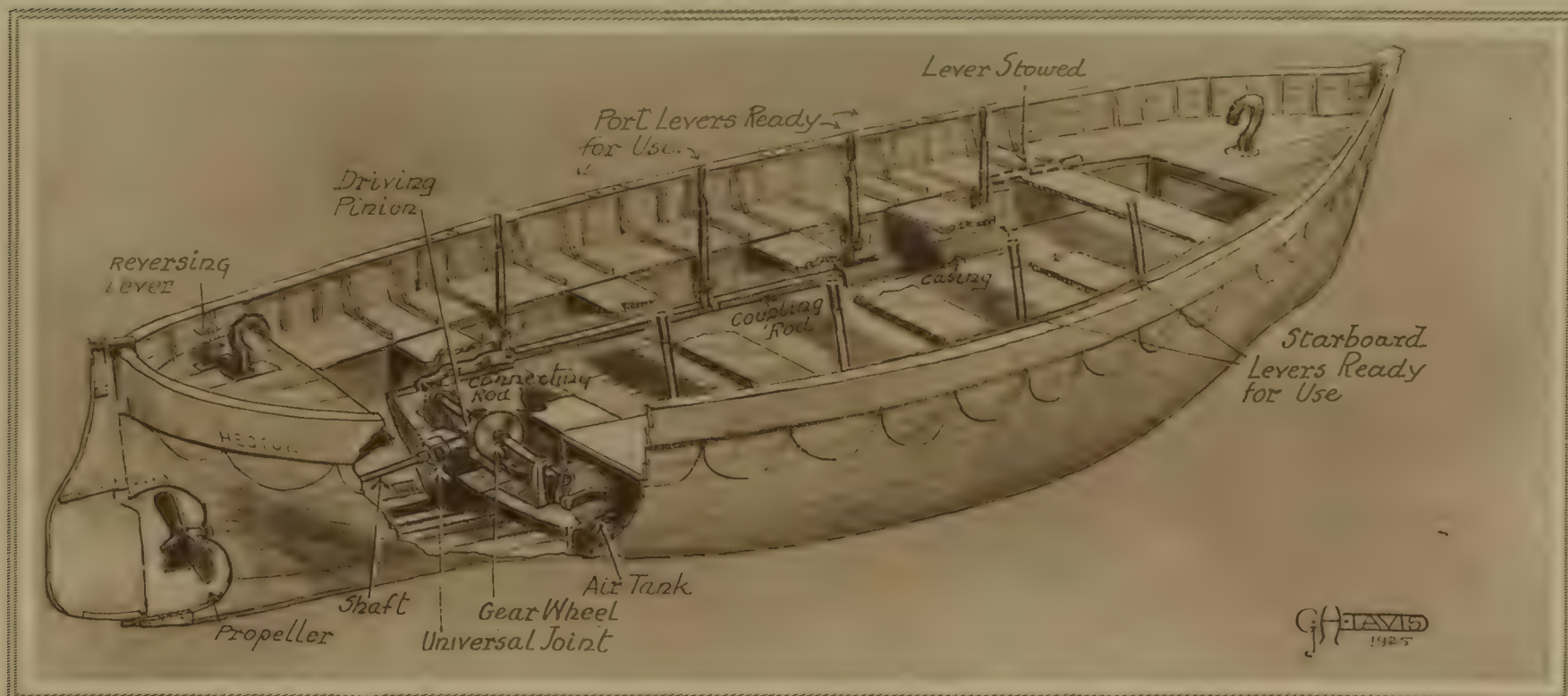
Comes now the question that is unanswerable. Did or did not "Antiken Becker" counterfeit coins with the intention of uttering them as genuine, or permitting others so to utter them?

He himself was obviously popular and received as an equal not only by the cognoscenti, but by such as Goethe, who wrote on the title-page of a copy of the translation of the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini" the inscription: "To Mr. Carl Wilhelm Becker in gratitude from the Author." And his own declaration was that he made his imitations solely in the interests of the student. Wilhelm Dorow received his confidences and printed a plea.

* "Becker the Counterfeiter." By George F. Hill, Fellow of the British Academy, Keeper of the Department of Coins and Medals in the British Museum since 1912. Part I., with Eight Plates. (Spink and Son; Piccadilly; 22s. net.)

WITH LEVERS INSTEAD OF OARS: A MAN-DRIVEN SCREW LIFEBOAT.

DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM DETAILS SUPPLIED BY THE INVENTOR, MR. I. R. FLEMING, OF LIVERPOOL. PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



SHOWING THE PROPULSIVE MECHANISM, CONSISTING OF LEVERS COUPLED TO A CONNECTING ROD DRIVING A LARGE GEAR WHEEL, WHICH ACTUATES THE PINION ATTACHED TO THE PROPELLER SHAFT: A DIAGRAM OF THE NEW FLEMING LIFE-BOAT.



REQUIRING ONLY ONE SKILLED SEAMAN (TO STEER)—THE LEVERS BEING WORKABLE BY ANYONE—AND ABLE TO GET AWAY QUICKLY FROM A SHIP'S SIDE WITH NO DANGER FROM BREAKING OARS: THE FLEMING LIFE-BOAT, RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED AT THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCK.

Mr. I. R. Fleming's new patent lifeboat was successfully demonstrated at the Royal Albert Dock, on January 22, before representatives of the Board of Trade, Lloyd's, the British Corporation, and forty prominent shipping companies. Instead of oars, the boat has levers which the crew pull to and fro, and these levers operate a simple mechanism which rotates the propeller, as illustrated in the above diagram. Each lever is attached by a coupling rod to the connecting rod which drives a large gear wheel, and this in turn drives the pinion attached to the propeller shaft. For going astern, when required, a simple ratchet wheel operated by a lever near the steersman will quickly reverse the propeller, without any alteration in the movement of the propelling levers. At the Albert Dock

demonstration, with 42 people in the boat, eight men easily maintained a speed of three miles an hour. With two men to each lever (facing each other) this speed would be doubled. The particular boat shown has been supplied to the Holt liner "Hector," and the Fleming type is being adopted for other liners. The propelling apparatus can be fitted to any existing lifeboat. Its advantages consist in its simplicity—the levers can be easily worked by inexperienced people, with only one skilled seaman aboard, for steering and manœuvring—and also in its ability to move quickly away from a ship's side. Oars are carried for emergency use, but the Board of Trade has authorised a 50 per cent. reduction in their number. —[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

CATHEDRALS FROM THE AIR: LINCOLN'S CRACKS; DURHAM'S SECRET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AEROFILMS, LTD., THE LONDON AERODROME, HENDON.



WHERE SOME OF THE CRACKS ARE SIX TIMES AS WIDE AS THE WIDEST IN ST. PAUL'S: AN AERIAL VIEW OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL (600 YEARS OLDER)—SHOWING THE NORTH-WEST TOWER, WHICH MOST NEEDS REPAIR, ON THE RIGHT BEYOND THE CENTRAL TOWER.



WHERE IT IS PROPOSED TO SEARCH FOR THE TOMB OF ST. CUTHBERT, SAID TO BE KNOWN ONLY TO THREE BENEDICTINES AT A TIME, THE SECRET BEING HANDED ON TO ANOTHER AS EACH DIES: DURHAM CATHEDRAL FROM THE AIR.

A deputation from St. Paul's recently visited Lincoln Cathedral, which has likewise for some years caused anxiety for its stability. The north-west tower, in particular, was found to be in danger of collapse. Some of the cracks are six times as wide as the widest in St. Paul's. The Dean of Lincoln has remarked that, while princely sums have been forthcoming for St. Paul's, Lincoln has received no such munificent aid, and that Americans have subscribed more than all England, excepting Lincolnshire itself. An appeal for £50,000 for Lincoln was given great prominence in our issue of January 21, 1922, and in that of October 11 last, where we illustrated in a double-page the damage and repairs, it was mentioned that £20,000 was still

required. A note on the above photograph quotes Ruskin as having called Lincoln Cathedral "out and out the most precious piece of architecture in the kingdom," and recalls that in 1185 the north-west tower suffered from an earthquake. Durham Cathedral is also finely situated on high ground. It was proposed recently that search should be made under it for the tomb of St. Cuthbert, a Bishop who died in 687. His body was brought to Durham Cathedral in 1104, and his burial-place (as mentioned in Scott's "Marmion") is known only to three Benedictine monks at any one time. At present, it is said, only two know it—Cardinal Gasquet and Abbot Butler. The secret is preserved in a plan and doggerel Latin verses.

MAN-MADE "SUNLIGHT" IN ST. PAUL'S: A REMBRANDTESQUE EFFECT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPECIAL PRESS.



THE CHANCEL AND HIGH ALTAR BATHED IN RADIANT GLORY, IN CONTRAST TO BLACK SHADOWS OF SCAFFOLDED PIERS OF THE DOME: ST. PAUL'S BEING FILMED BY THE LIGHT OF NEW VAPOUR LAMPS.

The restoration work in St. Paul's Cathedral was filmed recently at night by the Gaumont Company, by the light of a remarkable new type of chemical vapour lamps which diffuse a light as brilliant as sunshine. In the above photograph, taken from the nave and looking towards the High Altar in the chancel, the film operator with his camera can be seen in the centre, while the big globes of the lamps appear beyond on either side. The effect is Rembrandtesque in its contrast of white radiance with shadows of deepest black. The light showed up the

paintings and decorations of St. Paul's more clearly than they are ever seen by day. In the foreground may be discerned some of the scaffolding round the piers, which, not being of solid masonry but filled with the rubble of old St. Paul's within a light casing of stone, have given ominous signs (by cracks and subsidences) of being too weak to support the weight of the dome. Illustrations of the cracks and of the "grouting" work now being done to prevent any future danger of collapse, appeared in our issue of January 17.

THE EXCELLENCE OF BRITISH PORTRAITURE: EXAMPLES AT

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY COURTESY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND



"EARL AND COUNTESS BEAUCHAMP WITH THEIR FAMILY AT MADRESFIELD":
BY W. B. E. RANKEN, R.P.



"THE RIGHT HON. LORD HEWART, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE
OF ENGLAND": BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.



A FAMOUS ACTRESS: "MISS GLADYS COOPER,"
BY HARRINGTON MANN, R.P.



THE DISTINGUISHED WRITER OF "OUR NOTE-BOOK": "G. K. CHESTERTON,"
BY ALFRED PRIEST, R.P.

Modern British portraiture maintains a high standard of excellence, and can hold its own, with the production of any other country in that branch of art. Its outstanding quality is demonstrated at the new exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters recently opened at the Royal Academy. This is the thirty-fifth annual show held by the Society. We reproduce a selection of notable examples, which are interesting both on artistic grounds and from the personalities of the sitters. The full title of Mr. William Ranken's portrait group (at the top on the left) is as follows: "Earl and Countess Beauchamp with their family at Madresfield on the occasion of Viscount Elmley's coming of age." Anne Douglas Sedgwick is the maiden name of Mrs. Basil de Selincourt,

FROM FOSSIL BED TO MUSEUM: SCIENCE MAKING "DRY BONES LIVE."

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY). ARTICLE BY DR. F. A. BATHER, F.R.S.,
KEEPER OF GEOLOGY AT THE MUSEUM.

"THE public that wanders into the gallery of fossil animals at the Natural History Museum in Cromwell Road," writes Dr. F. A. Bather, "and wonders at the great skeletons of mastodon, megatherium, and the like, has little idea of the labour and thought involved in each of these mounted restorations. Even when all the bones of a fossil animal have been found together in an uncrushed condition, much knowledge and skill are needed to build them up correctly; still more, when they have been scattered and broken. Our photograph, taken in the vaults of the Geological Department, shows a stage in the work on one such skeleton, and some lessons may be learned from it. The remains are those of a fossil elephant which far exceeded in size any other known elephant, whether living or extinct. In 1914 a party of engineers from Chatham was driving a practice trench through some sandy loam that had filled an old river-bed near Upnor, in Kent. The trench was cut unwittingly through the great skeleton, and much of it was destroyed. Some bones were fortunately observed by a local resident, Mr. Sid Turner, who brought them to the notice of the Museum authorities. In 1915, so soon as the weather permitted, Mr. L. E. Parsons (seen standing on the ground to the right), a preparator in the Geological Department, was sent down to extract the fragments that remained. This was no simple matter. The bones were cracked, and crushed, and very friable. They had to be treated much in the same way as the reptile bones at Tendaguru, which Mr. L. S. B. Leakey described in 'The Illustrated London News' of January 17. Each bone, as it was laid bare, was hardened with a solution of shellac, and so soon as it could be handled was swathed in bandages of canvas and plaster, with wooden splints where necessary. In the workshops of the Department, the bandages were unrolled, the bones cleaned, dried, soaked in size, and mended. In some cases the rotten inside was taken out, and an iron bar inserted and set in plaster. The bone was then coated with shellac. This was not all. Many of the bones had lost large pieces, and these had to be supplied in plaster, carefully modelled after the corresponding bone of the other side when that was preserved, or after the same bone in another elephant, but on a proportionate scale. Some of the foot-bones were entirely missing, and had to be reconstructed in the same way. Thus, at last, Mr. Parsons, working under the direction of Dr. C. W. Andrews, F.R.S., had reconditioned the two hind-limbs, with the limb-girdle of the pelvis, the left fore-limb, most of the vertebræ, three grinders, and a tusk. The skull and all the other bones were entirely missing, so that no attempt has been made to reconstruct them. Then should have come the task of mounting the bones into a skeleton, or so much of one as they permitted. But the iron-work needed would cost more than the funds at the disposal of the Keeper of Geology. Fortunately a good friend of the Museum, Dr. W. Rushton Parker, offered to defray that expense. Then a severe blow fell on us in the death of our colleague Dr. Andrews, who had devoted so much attention to the Proboscidea. At the very same time the distinguished authority on fossil vertebrata,

[Continued below.]



WITH MISSING PORTIONS SUPPLIED BY PLASTER MODELS (SHOWN WHITE): RECONSTRUCTING PART OF THE LARGEST-KNOWN ELEPHANT AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

[Continued.]

Sir Arthur Smith Woodward, resigned the Keepership. Dr. Forster Cooper, Director of the Museum of Zoology at Cambridge, came to our rescue, and took over the study of the bones. But, before we could embark on the iron-work, it was necessary to erect the skeleton in temporary fashion on wooden supports. It was some months before carpenters were at liberty, but at last we set to work in earnest, and the result of three months' labour is shown in the photograph. Every single bone has to be carefully adjusted and viewed from all positions so as to give a natural effect. Constant alteration is required. We now see the left leg advanced and set firmly down, while the right leg begins to rise on the toes so as to follow it. Above is the great pelvic basin or limb-girdle, most carefully supported by a wooden cradle, so rigidly constructed as to relieve the bones from all possible strain as the mass is swung up to the roof and lowered into position. The plaster has been left uncoloured so that the actual bones may be clearly distinguished. When this has received final approval, the iron rods will be bent to the shape, and the bones so fixed that it will be possible

to remove each one for study. The single fore-limb will stand in front, but the vertebræ of the back-bone will be laid on the ground between and not mounted. All this work will take some months, so that the specimen will not be on public exhibition before the summer. This, I have said, is the largest elephant known. It belongs not to the mammoth (*E. primigenius*), but a larger form, *Elephas antiquus*. This particular animal, as now mounted, stands 11 ft. 10 in. at the pelvis, with a width of 6 ft. 1 in. The fore-limb measures 12 ft. 6 in., but the shoulder-blade has lost at least six inches; and if to this we add six inches of muscle and skin, we get a minimum height at the shoulder of 13 ft. 6 in. My colleague, Mr. J. C. Dollman, tells me that the Indian elephant averages 9 ft. at the shoulder in males, the record height being 10 ft. 6 in. The African elephant (the largest land-mammal now living) has a record of 11 ft. 8½ in.; but individuals of 11 ft. are now very scarce. So, if mere size were anything to boast of, we might be proud of our Upnor elephant. I would rather feel proud of the skill and patience that have gone to its reconstruction."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

BOOKSHELVES, in one aspect or another, have provided a subject for many essays, although I doubt whether the actual compound word has ever stood by itself as a title. "Among my Books," "Round my Bookshelves," and the like, have done duty on many occasions, and I think it was the late Mr. Frederic Harrison who made a most charmingly discursive desultory tour of his library under the second of these headings. Agnes Repplier, too, although she did not bring the word into her title, came very near it in her inimitably gracious "Bed-Books," which made the reader free of one single and very choice shelf standing, like that of Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford, "at her bedde's head." The kindred title, "In My Study," introduces one of Canon Anthony Deane's happy volumes of essays, where three papers at least hobnob comfortably with the shelves that are more delectable than those of the pantry. Two of these essays deal with the more permanent, if random, household collection—one, most temptingly humorous, describes "Vicarage Books," the other the soberly substantial but irresistible volumes of the eighteenth century, while the third has to do with the ephemeral, gaudy, ever-changing, and often anomalous display of the railway bookstall.

None of these shelves, however, has given me my present cue, although the subject makes common cause with the kind last mentioned, inasmuch as it partakes largely of the ephemeral. The shelves I have in mind at the moment are not peopled with the faithful companions of working hours or leisure moments, those old and tried friends that have come to stay. Perhaps these occupants number among them potential classics destined to fill a perpetual curacy in the library that is a library or the mere humble collection of the book-lover; but at present they are on probation; untried, almost unknown, candidates for fame, which most of them, it is to be feared, will never achieve. They form part of an ever-moving procession, and must continually edge a little further along the shelf to make way for newcomers, until at length the luckier units spill over into a permanent book-case, while the luckless fade into oblivion.

Plainly, book-racks such as these can form no part of ordinary household furniture, and this hinted description may seem puzzling, or even impossible, to the uninitiated reader. But the initiated will have recognised already our unfamiliar and outlandish shelves as part of the apparatus—the material *apparatus criticus*?—of those whose trade it is to assay current publications. In their ultimate and most imposing quiddity, these book-shelves, with their tenants on short lease, are to be seen only in the offices of daily or weekly journals. In more restricted form they may find a counterpart in the study of the diligent reviewer; but there a single shelf will usually suffice to give temporary hospitality to the volumes selected from the main store at headquarters. Heavens, the responsibility of that selection! What possibilities of fatal oversight lurk there, what chances of injustice to the deserving, for in that jostling and daily augmented crowd of new books, some must perforce be passed by! But this is not the place to sentimentalise and sing requiems over "the legion of the lost ones," although that were a fair subject for a less utilitarian essay than this strives to be. For the present, then, let us "drive at practice."

Practice, for the moment, is best served by a survey of the shelves in question, upon which the new books of 1925 are already sturdily, and in great multitude, pushing aside their predecessors. Of the last a few still hold the extreme left flank, and are not yet so old that even the most rigid apostle of the "up-to-date" in reviewing should bar them from honourable mention. Some license in time is to be permitted to a journal that appears only once a week, and in the matter of book-notices, as in many another subject, must, at every printing, do its best to solve the problem of putting a quart into a pint-pot.

The task will be the easier that this week, by way of variety, anything like formal or extended reviewing of individual books gives way to the mere survey aforesaid—a survey that can be little more than a glance at the passing procession, of which the year's vanguard is now on us in some force. Let us take it shelf by shelf, according to subject, and, as these books are themselves itinerants until they find their account, let us see first what the section marked "Travel" has to offer.

Much there is attractive, ranging in theme, if not literally, at least figuratively, from China to Peru. One noteworthy volume approaches China geographically as near as no matter, and incidentally finds Chinese questions germane to the subject. This is Sir Charles Bell's "TIBET PAST AND PRESENT" (The Clarendon Press: Humphrey Milford; 24s.), a brilliant and penetrating study by a British official who has had long experience of a country

that is now less mysterious than it was, but still enigmatical. Sir Charles has made an illuminating contribution to the recent political and social history of Tibet. His book should be in the hands of everyone who is interested in the problems of the North East Frontier of our Indian Empire. With this you may like to take up a slightly earlier book, "TO LHASA IN DISGUISE," by W. Montgomery McGovern (Butterworth; 21s.), the tale of an adventurous journey taken in the depth of winter. Dr. McGovern's first attempt, made with permission of the Tibetan authorities, was frustrated apparently by a change of the official mind. He made a second attempt in disguise, and came through with hard-ship, certainly, but without suffering any of those terrible things which befell Mr. Savage Landor. The Tibetans may still be fierce and jealous, but their greater mildness and accessibility to Western visitors is sufficiently shown in Sir Charles Bell's book.

From the Travel shelf you will also find it worth while to take down the following volumes—all excellent reading: "TWO VAGABONDS IN THE BALKANS," by Jan and Cora Gordon (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d.); "AROUND THE WORLD IN NEW YORK," by Konrad Borcovic (Cape; 12s. 6d.); "ADVENTURES IN TURKEY AND RUSSIA," by E. H. Keeling (Murray; 10s. 6d.); "NORTH OF '53, AN ALASKAN JOURNEY" (Humphries; 10s. 6d.); and, as a particular *bonne bouche*, the latest volume by that most delightfully easy, entertaining and informative writer, the

Special praise is due to Major Benton Fletcher's illustrations, which include the first reproductions from paintings made on the actual scene of Petra and Jerash. This is undoubtedly the most picturesque of the travel books that the present season has as yet brought to our hands. The other volume, somewhat similarly titled, deals with things vanishing rather than vanished. It is "THE VANISHING TRIBES OF KENYA," by Major G. St. J. Orde Browne (Seeley, Service; 21s.), an important and valuable contribution to the anthropology of East Africa.

These do not exhaust the travellers' tales, but one must take the advice Corinna gave to the young Pindar, and "sow with the hand, not with the sack." The rest must wait for another day, and, if opportunity should occur, I hope to make more extended reference to some of the books thus cursorily mentioned. Turning next to the shelf labelled "History," we find military questions, both sea and land, in the forefront. To the great succession of war chronicles has just been added "THE HISTORY OF THE 62ND (W.R.) DIVISION, 1914-1918," by Everard Wyrall (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.), a smallish book as these histories go, but full of matter and painstaking research. Another fighting book, fighting in every sense of the word, has made, and is making, a considerable stir, and has given fresh food to the controversialists on the endless question of the principal naval engagement of the Great War. Its very title is challenging, and is doubtfully justifiable. It proclaims at once, however, the partisan nature of the book, and so may temper misunderstanding. "THE JUTLAND SCANDAL," by Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon (Hutchinson; 5s.), is a detailed criticism of Lord Beatty's action, and attributes to that commander's alleged errors the escape of the German High Seas Fleet. Every war begets its subsequent wars on paper: one has only to turn over the post-Peninsular memoirs and Service magazines to see how fiercely old soldiers who had laid down the sword took up the pen to discuss matters, great and small, relating to their campaigns. Even such a relatively minor question as who was first into Badajos produced a whole literature of its own. Large sections of Napier are entirely controversial. With the much wider scope and more bewildering detail of the last war, we may expect a volume of disputation proportionately greater and more protracted. Possibly the wordy combat about the struggle, both naval and military, is as yet hardly begun. Such contributions as Admiral Bacon's are interesting exercises in pug-nacity, and they are not without their illuminating passages, but they augment our commiseration for the "definitive" historian of the Great War, when he shall arise. He will have need of a Herculean frame and an intellect surpassing Gibbon's, and perhaps the task will never be accomplished until the race has developed the Superman.

From the shelf of "Belles-Lettres," here is a choice of lighter books that make very pleasant pastime. That super-excellent little English classical series, "THE BODLEY HEAD QUARTOS," have received two most welcome additions in "THE ENGLISH ROMAN LIFE," by Anthony Munday (2s. 6d.), and "PIERCE PENNILESS, HIS SUPPLICATION TO THE DIVELL," by Thomas Nash (2s. 6d.). The first is an account of what Munday saw during his visit to Rome in 1578,

and the work is decidedly partisan in the ecclesiastical sense—i.e., Anti-Roman. Nash's work is quite on the other side, being aimed at the Puritans. The Bodley Head, therefore, in issuing together these two books (which I rejoice to place on the same shelf with my Arber's English Reprints) has, like the Carpenter, endeavoured "to give a hand to each." But we can do with more than two.

As for recent works falling under the heading of "Belles-Lettres," my choice from the shelf bearing that label inclines towards "THE STORY OF ELIZABETHAN DRAMA," by G. B. Harrison (Cambridge University Press; 5s.); "THE LOVE STORIES OF ENGLISH QUEENS," by Elizabeth Villiers (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d.), and yet another accretion to the ever-growing and now almost portentous body of Stevensoniana, "ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, HIS LIFE AND PERSONALITY" (The Bookman Library; Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.). This is a series of studies by many hands. All are good and judicious, but for personal reasons I enjoyed most Mr. Charles Lowe's memories of an encounter with "R. L. S." at Edinburgh University. The paper (a reprint) forms an apt pendant to Stevenson's essay "A College Magazine." Mr. Lowe, I am glad to hear, has further reminiscences on the way.

Space forbids any extended reference to the Novel Shelf, but here are two notable titles for your library order—"CUNWOON" by W. R. Sunderland Lewis (The Bodley Head; 7/6), and "THOSE BARREN LEAVES" by Aldous Huxley (Chatto and Windus; 7/6).



BELIEVED TO BE BETWEEN 100,000 AND 200,000 YEARS OLD, AND REPRESENTING A NEW TYPE "MIDWAY BETWEEN A GORILLA AND A MAN": THE RHODESIAN SKULL (RIGHT) RECENTLY DESCRIBED BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH, COMPARED WITH THAT OF A MODERN MAN (LEFT).

Lecturing a few days ago on "Recent Discoveries of Fossil Man," at the Royal College of Surgeons, Sir Arthur Keith, the famous anthropologist, who is Conservator of the Museum there, told the story of the Rhodesian skull here illustrated. It was found at Broken Hill, in Barotseland, in a small tomb ninety feet below ground, at the end of a sloping tunnel under a limestone kopje. The skull and other remains, he said, belonged to a man unlike any other known race, and extremely primitive. He had a tremendous jaw, an upper lip $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, a very large occipital ridge, and abnormally thick skull bones. The skull measurements indicated a being "midway between a gorilla and a man." The species had probably been extinct for thousands of years, and there was evidence that the tomb dated back to the beginning of the Pleistocene period, between 100,000 and 200,000 years ago.—[Photograph by I.B.]

Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, Sir Arthur Shipley, who has just given us for our delectation "ISLANDS: WEST INDIAN—AEGEAN" (Hopkinson; 6s.), a book of lively contrasts, and much shrewd observation of the new world and the old.

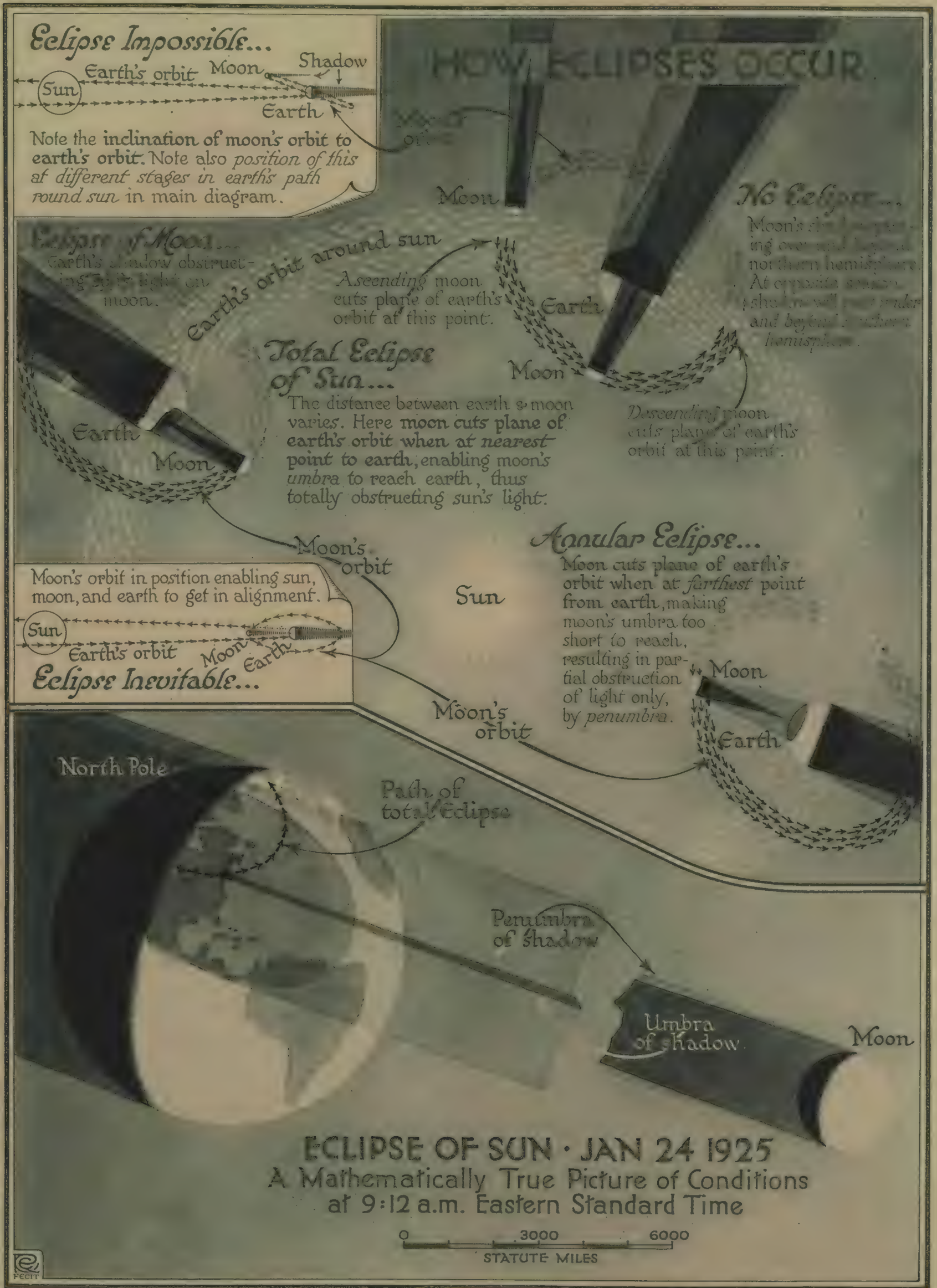
The words "vanished" and "vanishing" in a book title have a peculiar attraction, and their occurrence is an almost certain bait to catch the reader. Here are two new books with this lure on their superscription. In itself the title, "THE VANISHED CITIES OF ARABIA" (Hutchinson; 25s.), conjures up a whole host of romantic visions and suggestions, and Mrs. Steuart Erskine certainly does not disappoint the great expectations she arouses. Many who are but slightly familiar with the subject will at once recall Petra, and with it Dean Burgon's Newdigate line—one of the very few Newdigate Prize lines that have won immortality—

A rose-red city, half as old as Time,

The coloured picture on the "jacket" makes the quotation all but inevitable. Dead cities are the stuff that dreams are made on—witness ruined Khor in much-abused "She," which cast a spell over our callow youth that not even the literary sophistication of later years can wholly exorcise; witness, too, "La Città Morta," of D'Annunzio, which one may name to the elect with less reproach. Here in Mrs. Steuart Erskine's book we explore not one vanished city, but several, and enjoy marvellous Arabian Days' and Nights' Entertainments under the direction of a well-informed and enthusiastic guide.

WHEN THE MOON IS "AN INK SPOT" OVER THE SUN: A SOLAR ECLIPSE.

COMPUTED AND DRAWN BY CHARLES E. RIDDIFORD AND A. H. BUMSTEAD. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY (WASHINGTON), OWNERS OF THE COPYRIGHT.



ILLUSTRATING THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON JANUARY 24: A PICTORIAL DIAGRAM; WITH OTHERS SHOWING HOW TOTAL AND ANNULAR ECLIPSES OCCUR, AND CONDITIONS RENDERING AN ECLIPSE IMPOSSIBLE.

In courteously according us permission to reproduce the above drawing, the Editor of the "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington), says: "We appreciate the tribute very much, and Mr. Riddiford is especially flattered because it is with this style of illustration that 'The Illustrated London News' leads the world." We, in turn, highly appreciate this tribute to our paper. The current number of the "National Geographic Magazine" contains a fascinating article, by Mr. W. J. Showalter, on the wonders of astronomy and its practical applications for mankind. In a solar eclipse such as that of

January 24, "the moon," he writes, "can only be seen as a disc of blackness—an ink-spot over the face of the sun." A note attached to the above drawing says: "The upper half of the illustration is diagrammatic and is not drawn to scale." The Astronomer Royal, Mr. F. W. Dyson, writing on the 13th, said: "The time of first contact in this country ranges from 2 hr. 42 min. at Glasgow to 2 hr. 52 min. at Greenwich, the greatest phase occurring about an hour later." In Canada it was arranged to observe the eclipse from Long's Corner, near Hamilton (on Lake Ontario).

DOVER CASTLE DISCOVERIES: SALLY-PORT,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



SHOWING THE LOOP-HOLES OF THE UPPER AND LOWER ARCHERS' GALLERIES RECENTLY EXCAVATED WITHIN THE EXTERIOR OF THE AVERANCHE (OR AVRANCHES) TOWER AT DOVER CASTLE.



CLEARING PART OF THE ANCIENT OUTWORKS WITH WHICH THE GROUND IS HONEYCOMBED: OPENING UP THE ENTRANCE TO THE FITZWILLIAM CAPONIERE (SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE).



SHOWING BAY AND PIVOT HOLES (IN THE RIGHT WALL) OF THE FITZWILLIAM DOORWAY: INSIDE THE NEWLY DISCOVERED SALLY-PORT LEADING TO THE NORTHFALL MEADOW.

ARCHERS' GALLERIES, AND FIREPLACE.

CENTRAL PRESS.



ONE OF THE MOST ANCIENT FORTIFICATIONS OF DOVER CASTLE REVEALED: OPENING UP A SAXON WALL WHICH FORMED PART OF THE ORIGINAL DEFENCES IN EARLY TIMES.



BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY RECENT EXCAVATIONS: A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY STAIRWAY, IN SPLENDID PRESERVATION, LEADING TO THE TOP OF THE AVERANCHE TOWER.



WITH A LOOP-HOLE IN THE OUTER WALL FOR ARROWS: ONE OF THE NEWLY EXCAVATED ARCHERS' GALLERIES DATING FROM THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY AND IN EXCELLENT PRESERVATION.



SHOWING A LOOP-HOLE APPARENTLY BLOCKED UP (BEYOND THE STONE STEP): PART OF THE LOWER ARCHERS' GALLERY IN THE AVERANCHE TOWER OPENED DURING THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS.



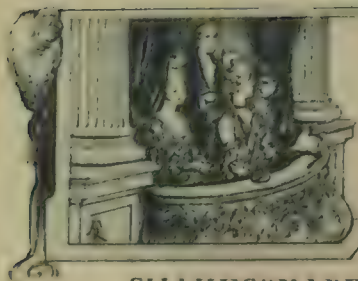
REVEALED BY THE REMOVAL OF CONCRETE PACKING: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE UPPER ARCHERS' GALLERY, DATING FROM THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, IN THE AVERANCHE TOWER.



AN INTERESTING RELIC OF MEDIEVAL LIFE IN DOVER CASTLE DISCOVERED DURING THE EXCAVATIONS: AN OLD FIREPLACE (SHOWN IN POSITION IN THE PHOTOGRAPH IMMEDIATELY ABOVE).

Some very interesting discoveries have resulted from the recent excavations at Dover Castle undertaken by the Office of Works. In one part of the ramparts in the Northfall meadow there have been opened up some ancient earthworks, together with a sally-port, used for making sallies against besiegers, connected with the Fitzwilliam Tower. It is believed to date from Norman times. Two other sally-ports are said to exist, connecting with St. John's Tower and Earl Godwin's Tower. The Avranches (or Avranches) Tower has been completely restored, and the removal of a quantity of concrete packing has revealed two galleries (upper and lower) for archers, of Norman work in a remarkably fine state of preservation, as well as an old medieval fireplace. Similar work has been carried out at Wreckley's Tower, Hurst Tower, and Arsic's Tower. The banks and moats of the Castle have all been cleaned. Tradition ascribes the foundation of

Dover Castle to King Arthur. The Romans built a strong fortress here, called Dubris, including a pharos (lighthouse) part of which remains in the church of St. Mary in Castro, within the castle walls. Black's Guide to Kent says: "Most of the old castle now standing is late Norman; the keep and its enclosure were built in the twelfth century, possibly by Henry II. The Constable's Tower and other portions were added in the early fourteenth, or perhaps thirteenth, century. At the end of last century (i.e., the eighteenth) the subterranean chambers were made, and in 1856 artillery barracks were built. . . . Near the top of the keep is Harold's Well. . . . It is 240 ft. deep, but was originally 400 ft." During the war Dover was, of course, the base of the Dover Patrol; large military camps were established in the vicinity; and at the Castle was an important anti-aircraft battery, which dealt effectively with frequent German air-raids.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



SHAKESPEARE FOR PARIS.—ADIEU, CHERS MAÎTRES.—THE FIVE O'CLOCK THEATRE.

IT is good news to learn, on the authority of Mr. Somerville Story, that there will be a Shakespeare Season in English at the Fémina Theatre in Paris. It has been tried before, and I fear it was not a success—except such as newspaper paragraphs trumpet into ephemeral fame. The reason was not far to seek. The essay was made in the summer—a very hot one just after the war. Do you see any Parisian, in spite of his eagerness to improve his English, going to the theatre when the Bois, the Revue, and the Pré Catalan are full of little piping Pans and luring children of Flora? Again, it was done in the wrong place—a barn that shall be nameless. I sat in a box and thought of my dear old friend Dan Leno and his famous song—

You could see across to Dover
If it wasn't for the houses in between.

I could neither see nor hear, so great was the distance from the stage. Otherwise, I was quite comfy. Lastly, the performance was slipshod and uneven. They gave "The Taming of the Shrew," and it was oh! so dull. I sympathised with them about Sunday, but I felt that this was not the way to popularise English Shakespeare in France.

Now Ben Greet is going to be the pioneer, and that fills me with hope that the argosy will sail into success. Ben Greet has done a lot—ay, sacrificed a lot—for the cause of our national bard. He has given us those wonderful performances for children, and, for all his pains, he was left in the lurch by the powers that be and lost a little fortune. Greet has an ear for the verse, and he has trained—and is still training—many actors, some of whom have made a name. I feel sure that he is alive to the fact that, like London, Paris will have nothing second-rate; that he must bring actors of undoubted efficiency; that the "show" need not be luxurious, but effective and neatly dressed up. He would do well to carry a star or two to play Hamlet and Lady Macbeth—or Katherine. The Parisians may not know our famous players—nor do Londoners know theirs—but the English and American colonies in Paris (who are, after all, the main supporters) dearly love a name, and the box-office thermometer will register accordingly.

By the way, have you heard that in March an English company will travel to Buenos Ayres and Brazil with Shakespeare, Shaw, and Somerset Maugham? We are getting on, and our horizon is widening. Let the cry be: "Still they go!"

That little scene at the sacred shrine of the Comédie Française was a symptom of the times and a long-anticipated explosion of a powder magazine. The Comédie, with all its glorious records and occasionally still exquisite performances, is a hide-bound institution. It breathes the atmosphere of the mausoleum. It is ruled by an ancient charter, latterly slightly modified—the Décret de Moscou—which is practically a protestation of age against the possible usurpation by youth. In fact, the young actor who enters the holy portals may well pause and think of Dante's famous words concerning entrance and forlorn hope. It is remarkable and pathetic to see how people join the Comédie and grow old there before their time. I could name a score of people who became *pensionnaires*, with dreams full of glory, who aspired to the Sociétaire plum, and aged without gaining either the glory or the partner-

ship. Some wise artists, fearing the grinding wheels of time, left before their sere and yellow—became free-lances once more, and remained young. Of the others, one or two "arrived," and, as Sociétaires, rested content with such ideals as they had attained.



A HONEYMOON THAT WAS INTERRUPTED BY AN APPOINTMENT AS PREMIER: SUSANNE (MISS HILDA BAYLEY) AND LIONEL D'AVENCOURT (MR. CLAUDE RAINS), IN "HOME AFFAIRS," AT THE EVERYMAN.

"Home Affairs," recently produced at the Everyman Theatre, is an English version, by Mr. Norman Macdormott, of a political and domestic satirical comedy by a Hungarian dramatist, Ladislav Fodor. Lionel D'Avencourt has only just married Susanne when he is called upon to form a Cabinet, and Susanne, thus deprived of her husband's attentions, plans to upset the Government by enticing Lucien Tirlemont, the Leader of the Opposition, to make love to her, and then complaining to Lionel.—[Photograph by Sasha.]



DUE TO A PLOT BY A PREMIER'S NEGLECTED BRIDE TO UPSET HIS GOVERNMENT BY "LEADING ON" THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION: LIONEL D'AVENCOURT AND LUCIEN TIRLEMONT (MR. LAUDERDALE MAITLAND, ON RIGHT) PARTED BY CABINET MINISTERS, IN "HOME AFFAIRS" AT THE EVERYMAN.

When Lionel D'Avencourt, the Premier, discovers that Lucien Tirlemont, the Leader of the Opposition, has been making love to his wife, there is a violent quarrel, but the two men are restrained from flying at each other's throats by other Ministers; lest the affair should endanger a newly formed Coalition. Privately, however, they fight a duel, and the Premier's neglected bride is mollified, especially as, soon after, he is relieved of his post and enabled to devote himself wholly to her.

Only a few outreached the rest of the brotherhood. The days are past when every well-known Continental man or woman was expected to have the

names of the great Sociétaires at their fingers' ends. It was part of our education, and woe betide him who could not reel off Coquelin, Fabre, Worms, Got, Delaunay, Reichenberg, Baretta, Pierson, etc.! Tell me who in theatre-land now cares a rap for the *personnel* of the Française—outside France? Mayhap Holland and Belgium. The fact is that the great masters, the magicians of the word, have gone to their fathers, and that only *chers maîtres* survive, who are very capable, gifted, and respected, but not the flamboyant names to conjure with. To be of the Comédie is still a distinction, but not a universal passport in the World of the Theatre, as it used to be. What is wanted in the Rue Richelieu is fresh air, and, as the Sociétaires are a mighty cordon that seals its conclave hermetically, nothing but a revolution would change the order of things. That is what happened the other day. When the company filed past on the stage, as is the old custom, after "Le Malade Imaginaire," Sylvain (the *doyen*) was hooted, and the younger actors came in for ovation. This is the second time that the Comédie has thus been shaken to its foundations within one year. Last time it was in consequence of an all-too-candid war play.

Of course, the Parisians, who honour their Comédie as we honour the Old Lady whence the Treasury notes hail, profess to be shocked at the desecration of Walhalla. But take it from me that it is neither the snarl of the out-and-out conservative nor the window-dressing of hypocrites who dare not openly applaud the attack on convention. Inwardly, all good Parisians—revolutionaries *quand même*, whether it be in Government offices or the traffic of daily life—chuckled over the discomfiture of the *gros bonnets*—certain *chers maîtres* whose halo has long since tarnished and merely acted as a bogey to the oncoming race eager to have its day.

In spite of—perhaps owing to—the pressure of "Six-Cylinder Love," the Six o'Clock Theatre has come and gone. When it was announced, I knew that the babe was still-born. It was a scheme launched without a pause for reflection. Six o'clock is, of all the hours of the day, the most deadly for the theatre—it is the mid-channel twixt tea and dinner—too late for the former; not early enough to allow dressing time for the latter. Yet there is room for a theatre later than the usual matinée, filling in those vacuous hours when the men fly to bridge after business, and the women shop for shopping's sake. We had one for a little while, a Five o'Clock Theatre in London. Maurice Froyez, the talented French author, who was before and during the war London editor of the *Comœdia*, engineered it at the Grafton Galleries, and Gina Palerme was the *prima stella assoluta*. It was so great a success that the managers began to pay attention to the beautiful Gina, and promptly enticed her away from the fold into their own toils. Froyez did not mind, for he had succeeded in making Gina a star, as was his purpose; but there was no successor, and the Five o'Clock Theatre came to an end. The case was, however, proven, and I predict that he who starts an afternoon-tea theatre—say, at 4.45, to end at 7—at the Little or other *théâtre intime*, would make a fortune. There are plenty of people left who do not dance, yet would welcome a little extra excitement.

CHINESE ACTORS PLAYING TO "CAPACITY": LIKIANG'S OPEN-AIR THEATRE.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEPH F. ROCK, LEADER OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S YUNNAN PROVINCE EXPEDITION. BY COURTESY OF THE SOCIETY.



WHERE "ADMISSION" IS FREE AND THE "AUDITORIUM" PACKED: AN OPEN-AIR THEATRE AT LIKIANG, THE OLD CAPITAL OF THE NASHI, IN YUNNAN, DURING A PERFORMANCE BY CHINESE ACTORS EMPLOYED BY MERCHANTS OF THE TOWN.

In our last number we illustrated the weird ceremonies of healing by exorcism practised among the Nashi, an aboriginal tribe of Tibeto-Burman stock, in western China. Centuries ago, they were a powerful nation under a king who had his capital at Likiang, now the chief city in the Chinese province of Yunnan. Our illustrations were from photographs by a distinguished American explorer, Mr. Joseph F. Rock, and were accompanied by an abridgment of his remarkably interesting article on the Nashi and their religious customs recently published in the "National Geographic Magazine," of Washington. His article, which, as he

points out, is the first attempt to describe the Nashi rites, included a reproduction and translation of a curious pictographic script used by the Nashi priests. It also contained the photograph given above, showing the open-air theatre in the grounds of the Lungwang Miao at Likiang. "The occasion," writes Mr. Rock in an explanatory note, "is the annual Dragon King fair, in the third Chinese month—May 14-15-16. The actors are Chinese and are employed by the merchants of Likiang once a year. No admission is charged. The theatre faces the temple entrance."

AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE ITEMS FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., C.N., HALBWACHS, ARASU, AND THE OFFICIAL GENERAL INQUIRY OFFICE, ZÜRICH.



AN AIRSHIP MOORING-MAST ON BOARD SHIP: AN EXPERIMENT WITH THE ZEPPELIN (BUILT BY GERMANY AS REPARATION FOR THE UNITED STATES AND SINCE RENAMED THE "LOS ANGELES"), WHICH RECENTLY CROSSED THE ATLANTIC.



SHOWING DETAILS OF THE MOORING-MAST AND ITS ATTACHMENTS: A CLOSER VIEW OF THE "LOS ANGELES" (INSCRIBED "U.S. NAVY") MOORED TO THE U.S.S. "PATOKA" IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.



ON THE RAFT ON WHICH THEY SPENT FOUR DAYS AND NIGHTS AT SEA: SURVIVORS OF THE "CIGALE" (ONE AN OLD MONK) AT PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS.



SAFE AT MADRAS AFTER 39 DAYS' BUFFETING IN THE BAY OF BENGAL, WITH ONLY ONE BAG OF RICE AND SOME WATER FOR 15 MEN: A BURMESE FISHING-BOAT FROM CHITTAGONG, STORM-DRIVEN FOR 1000 MILES.



BURNING A COTTON-WOOL EFFIGY OF WINTER, STUFFED WITH CRACKERS AND GUNPOWDER: THE "DEATH" OF THE "BOEGG" IN A PICTURESQUE SPRING FESTIVAL HELD ANNUALLY AT ZÜRICH.

The mooring of the "Los Angeles" to the U.S.S. "Patoka" was effected with great difficulty.—The S.S. "Cigale" caught fire and sank between Mauritius and Reunion on December 3, and 36 out of 58 passengers and crew were saved. Two survivors—Frère Ignace (aged 63) and a Creole named Gonthier, drifted on a raft (seen in our photograph) four days and nights without food or water, and usually followed by sharks, until they were picked up on December 7 by the S.S. "Secunder" and brought into Port Louis.—On December 19 there arrived at Madras a strange craft that proved to be a Burmese fishing-boat from Chittagong, nearly 1000 miles away. On board were 15 starving fishermen who had



THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS TAKE THE FIELD TO ROUND-UP DEER ESCAPED FROM WINDSOR GREAT PARK: THE TROOPS SETTING OUT, WITH THEIR OFFICERS, INCLUDING LORD INNES KERR (LEFT FOREGROUND).

subsisted 39 days on one bag of rice and two large chatties of water. They had been blown out to sea by storms, ran into a cyclone, and sailed across the Bay of Bengal!—At Zürich on April 20 will be kept the ancient Swiss spring festival called the "Sechselaeuten." The chief feature is the burning of the "Boegg," an effigy of winter.—Some eighteen of the royal deer recently strayed out of Windsor Great Park into Sunninghall Park, Ascot, the estate of Mr. Percy Crutchley, where they have done some damage. A squadron of Royal Horse Guards scoured the country, assisted by police, but the deer eluded their pursuers, and only one was driven back into Windsor Park.

THE GREAT CRICKET CONTEST IN AUSTRALIA: THE FIRST "TEST."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



SHOWING AN UNUSUAL ANNOUNCEMENT ON THE SCORING BOARD—AN URGENT HOME MESSAGE FOR A SPECTATOR: THE FIRST TEST MATCH, AT SYDNEY—PLAYERS LEAVING THE FIELD ON THE FALL OF ENGLAND'S LAST WICKET IN THE FIRST INNINGS.



INDICATING THAT AUSTRALIA'S PRESENT SUMMER HAS BEEN MORE "SUMMERY" THAN OURS WAS LAST YEAR: LIGHT FROCKS THE ORDER OF THE DAY IN THE LADIES' RESERVE AT SYDNEY DURING THE FIRST OF THE THREE TEST MATCHES, ALL WON BY THE "CORNSTALKS."

These photographs, which have just reached England, illustrate the first of the three recent Test Matches in Australia, played at Sydney, and concluded on December 27 last. Australia won by 193 runs, but England made a good uphill fight at the finish. The scores were: Australia—1st innings, 450; 2nd innings, 452; England—298 and 411. There were three centuries on each side, those for England being made by Hobbs, Sutcliffe, and Woolley. The second Test Match was played at Melbourne, ending on January 8, in another victory for Australia, this time by 81 runs. The totals were: Australia—600 and 250; England—479 and 290. Hobbs made 154 for England in the first innings, and

Sutcliffe made two centuries, 176 and 127. The third Test Match, played at Adelaide, was the most thrilling of all. It ended on January 23, when England had 27 runs to win with 2 wickets to fall, but failed to make them, and Australia won by 11 runs, thus completing the "rubber." On this last day the public were admitted free, and there was a scene of immense enthusiasm for both sides at the finish. The totals were—Australia, 489 and 250; England, 365 and 363, and the match was also memorable for an innings of 201 not out by Mr. J. S. Ryder, an Australian. As our photographs show, cricket draws huge crowds in Australia.

The World of Women



Embroidered black medallions decorate this attractive lingerie set of coral crêpe-de-Chine from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W.

THE King and Queen will soon be back in town. His Majesty holds the first Levee on Feb. 12, and the pre-Easter season will a little later be in full swing. It is rather significant of the times that Lent is so little observed: dancing, bridge-playing, and theatre and dinner-parties are very frequent during the penitential season. It does not look as if the Anglo-Catholic return to the discipline of mediæval times made much impression on the laity. Very many people keep Lent in their own way, often in a self-denying way helpful to others. Very few believe in even partial withdrawal from the world in which they have to live. So far, no announcements have been made of pre-Easter Courts, two of which, it was rumoured, would be held. It may be that they will be announced later, but, so far, the prospects for the season proper do not suggest a congestion of State and social events, making it difficult to fit in four Courts, as it has undoubtedly sometimes been.

Hunting continues, and sport is good, if going is heavy. It was hard for Mrs. Dudley Coats to lose so much of her season, as she is devoted to the sport; a broken leg is a lengthy affair to mend, and hers is said to be a double fracture. She is, therefore, unlikely to be in the saddle again this winter. Her husband has undergone a severe operation, and is back from the South of France. Their son will be two on Feb. 20. Mrs. Coats is the youngest of Mrs. Brinton's four daughters, and the one most like her in animation, originality, and independence of character. Her mother, as Mrs. Willie James, was an astonishingly good amateur dancer and actress, and organised a touring-party of amateurs which made substantial sums for charity. King Edward and Queen Alexandra were great friends of hers, and were more than once her guests at West Dean Park. Her only son is now in his seventeenth year. Lady Amy Coats, wife of Captain Dudley Coats's elder brother, and daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, has three sons, the eldest in his sixth year.

The Earl of Castle Stewart has made a flying visit to New York in order to be present at his sister-in-law, Miss Guggenheim's, wedding to Mr. Lawson Johnston. Lady Castle Stewart did not accompany him, as she is resting. Their son, Viscount Stuart, is in his fourth year. The family is said to be that nearest in descent to the Royal Stuarts, and spell the family name in that way. They were certainly keen supporters of that unfortunate royal race.

Viscountess Charlemont is taking a rest cure. She was Miss Evelyn Hull, and married Lord Charlemont soon after war broke out. He worked at

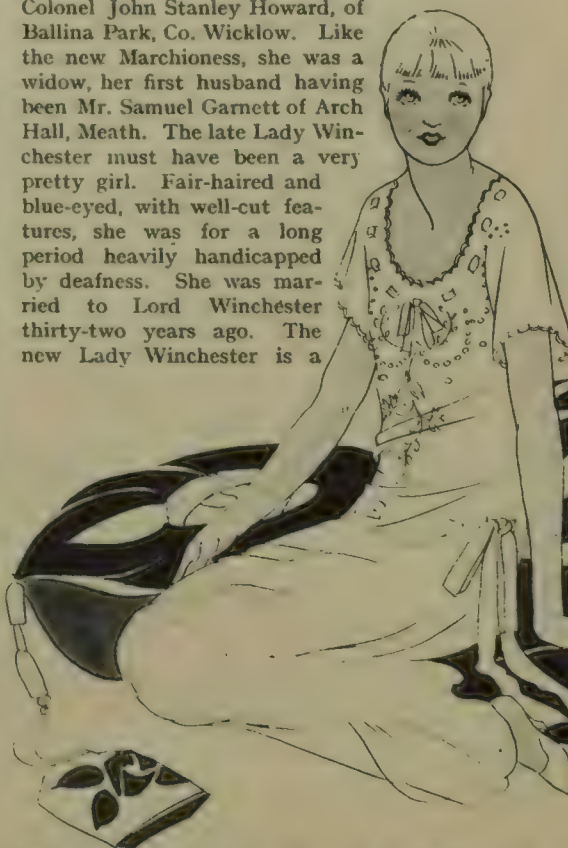
munition-making during that time, and proved most resourceful and useful. They have no children. The Caulfields are a very old family, in which there was an Earldom until 1892. Lady Charlemont's family lived at Earlswood for many years, and are now at Park Gate House, Richmond. One of her sisters married in 1916 the Hon. Alan Boyle, the Earl of Glasgow's airman brother. Lady Glasgow is also from the neighbourhood of Earlswood, being a daughter of Mrs. Bell, of Pendell Court, Bletchingly.

Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone will eagerly welcome their only son, who goes out to join them at Cape Town. He is in his eighteenth year, and has been at Eton, and under the personal care of his aunt, the Queen. He went to York Cottage, Sandringham, to take leave of their Majesties before starting on his journey. No one will be more pleased to see him than Lady May Cambridge, his only sister, who is very deeply attached to him. They were never separated until he went to school. Lord Trematon is a fine lad, and is doubtless looking forward to all sorts of adventures in South Africa, of which his father is proving so successful a Governor General. Princess Alice has made many friends for herself,

and it will be a great time in the Dominion when the Prince of Wales is there.

A diamond wedding is a rare event; that of the Earl and Countess of Coventry was duly celebrated by three days of ceremonies and entertainments. Lady Coventry is a daughter of the second Earl of Craven, and her mother was a daughter of the first Earl of Verulam. Like her husband, she took a great interest in sport and was a good cross-country rider. In early days she and her husband narrowly escaped death, their horses bolting and jumping into a quarry. It shook Lady Coventry so much that she extracted a promise from her husband to be careful in future. One of her sisters was Elizabeth Countess of Wilton, who was known as the Queen of Melton Mowbray, where she had a house and hunted for many years as the wife of Mr. A. Vickris Pryor. Another sister was the late Countess Cadogan, a noted rider who, up to the time of her death, always witnessed the racing at Newmarket from horseback. Lord and Lady Coventry have two or three great-grandchildren who took part in the celebration of their diamond wedding.

There is a premier Marchioness again by the recent marriage of the Marquess of Winchester. The late Marchioness was an Irishwoman, daughter of the late Colonel John Stanley Howard, of Ballina Park, Co. Wicklow. Like the new Marchioness, she was a widow, her first husband having been Mr. Samuel Garnett of Arch Hall, Meath. The late Lady Winchester must have been a very pretty girl. Fair-haired and blue-eyed, with well-cut features, she was for a long period heavily handicapped by deafness. She was married to Lord Winchester thirty-two years ago. The new Lady Winchester is a



Two splendid bargains offered in the White Sale at Dickins and Jones's. They are fashioned of fine cambric, the nightie trimmed with embroidery and ribbons, and the cami-knickers with lace and graceful pleats.

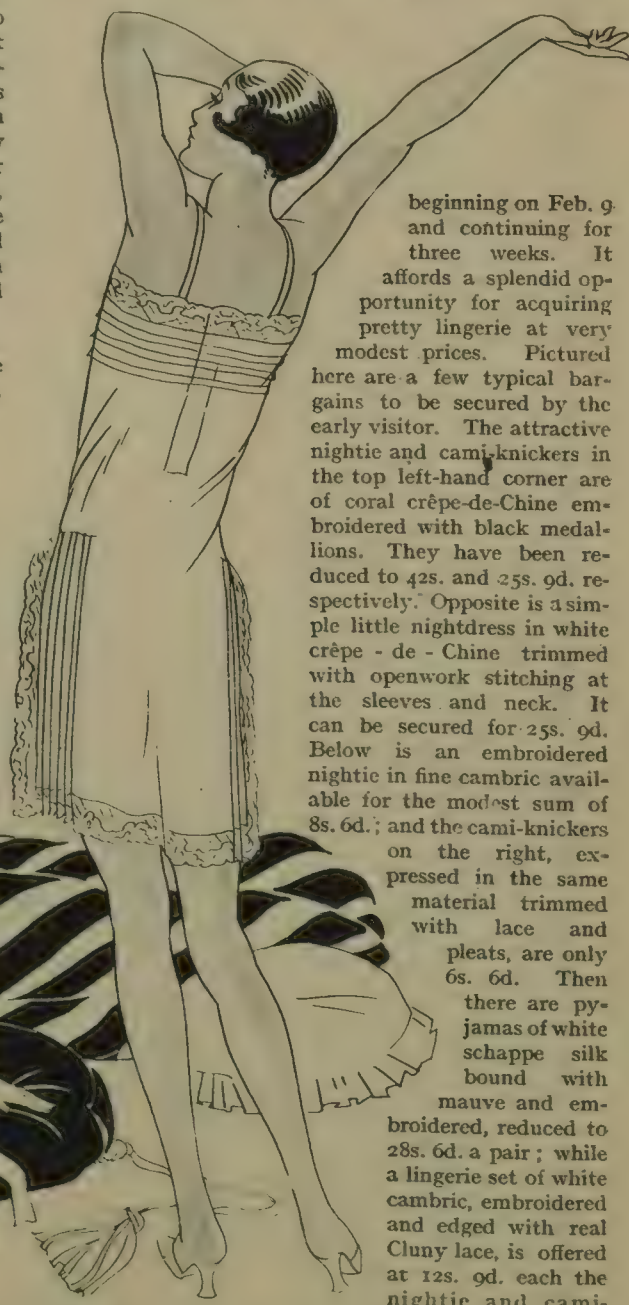


A simple nightie in white crêpe-de-Chine which is pleasantly reduced in price at Dickins and Jones's White Sale.

brunette. The heir presumptive to the Marquisate is Captain Charles Standish Paulet, M.V.O., who is married, and has a son and two daughters. Lord Winchester is a very good shot and all-round sportsman.

The eminently lovable and ill-fated Elizabeth Empress of Austria, and all that she went through, is recalled by the death of her sister, the Queen of the Two Sicilies. This lady had the originality and independence of spirit which characterised the Empress, also the physical perfection and skill in riding, swimming and running. She commanded the garrison of Gaeta when besieged by Garibaldi's forces, and visited the ramparts daily. She was married by proxy to a man who proved a great disappointment to her. He was King for about a year, and later the late Queen's life was spent in exile. A. E. L.

It is good news indeed to hear that Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., are holding a white sale



beginning on Feb. 9 and continuing for three weeks. It affords a splendid opportunity for acquiring pretty lingerie at very modest prices. Pictured here are a few typical bargains to be secured by the early visitor. The attractive nightie and cami-knickers in the top left-hand corner are of coral crêpe-de-Chine embroidered with black medallions. They have been reduced to 42s. and 25s. 9d. respectively. Opposite is a simple little nightdress in white crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with openwork stitching at the sleeves and neck. It can be secured for 25s. 9d. Below is an embroidered nightie in fine cambric available for the modest sum of 8s. 6d.; and the cami-knickers on the right, expressed in the same material trimmed with lace and pleats, are only 6s. 6d. Then there are pyjamas of white schappe silk bound with mauve and embroidered, reduced to 28s. 6d. a pair; while a lingerie set of white cambric, embroidered and edged with real Cluny lace, is offered at 12s. 9d. each the nightie and cami-knickers, and 8s. 11d. each the chemise and knickers.

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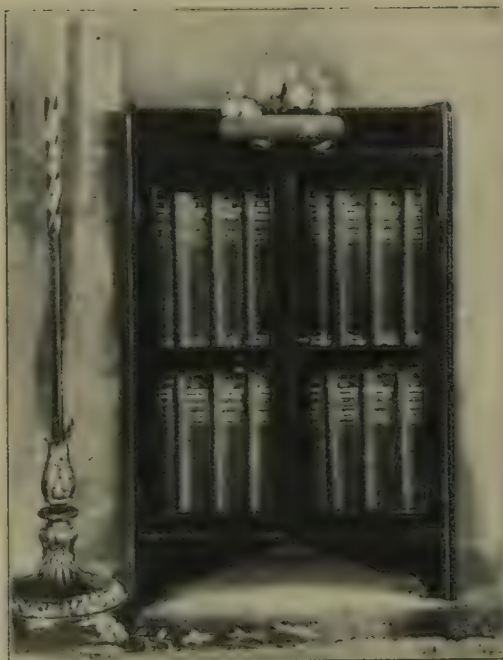
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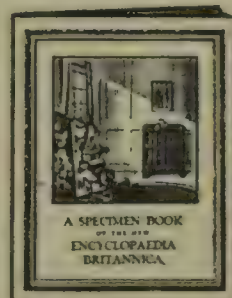
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CHess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

J C KRUSE (Ravenscourt Park).—When you see the solution you will find it deserves all you say of it.

A CARRINGTON SMITH (Toronto).—In your suggested solution of No. 3946, you say 2. B to K 3rd, Anything. Well, play 2. B to Q 4th, and say where is the mate.

E PINCKNEY (Driffield).—It is surprising your heroic struggle did not end with success, once you discovered the Queen could be sacrificed. You will find the problem is even greater than you thought it was.

J W SMEDLEY (Brooklyn, N.Y.).—You have failed to observe that 3. Q takes B does not mate in your suggested solution of No. 3946.

JOHN RANSFORD (Clinton, Ontario).—The reply to the defence you inquire about is 2. P takes Q, becomes Kt, and mates.

JOHN HANNAN (Newburgh, N.Y.).—Your valiant attacks on No. 3946 are at least interesting, but the defence to all your moves is 1. B to Q 4th; and we think it scarcely necessary to communicate your amendment to the composer in the light of what is said elsewhere about the problem. As regards the other position, the solution you give appears correct, the point of the problem being the exposure of White's King to two checks by the key move.

S L JAMES (New York City).—But if Black replies with B to Q B 4th, then "how about it"?

CHess IN ENGLAND.

Game played in the Premier Tournament of the Hastings Chess Club's Christmas Festival between Dr. TARTAKOVER and Mr. H. SAUNDERS.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Dr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Dr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. K Kt to B 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd	16. Q P takes P	Q P takes P
2. P to B 4th		17. Q to Q 6th	P takes K P
		18. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to B 4th
		19. Q to B 7th	

We give this game because it embodies in a pronounced degree the most advanced theories of conducting the opening. We confess our impression gathered from this example is *Cui bono?*

2. P to K Kt 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd
3. P to Q Kt 3rd	B to Kt 2nd
4. B to Kt 2nd	Castles
5. P to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd
6. B to Kt 2nd	Q Kt to Q 2nd
7. Castles	K Kt to R 4th
8. B takes B	Kt takes B
9. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th

On both sides the centre, sooner or later, has to be pushed forward, and what advantage there may be in delay is not apparent. Here, indeed, Black's reluctance to take conventional action is a distinct weakness, for P to K 4th is both the obvious and the better reply.

10. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
11. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to B 3rd
12. P to Q R 4th	R to Kt sq
13. P to Kt 5th	B to Q 2nd
14. Q to Q 3rd	Q to K sq
15. P to K 4th	P to K 4th

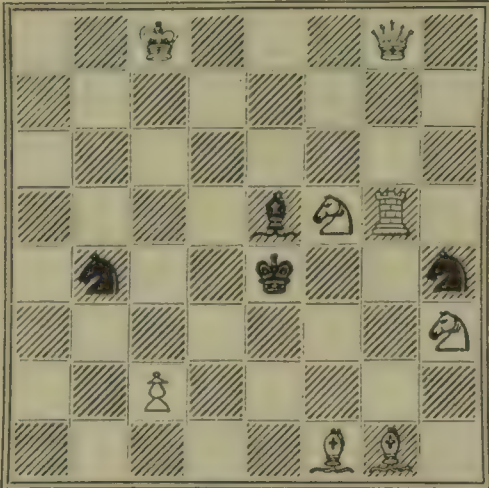
Now that the position is one that might practically follow a K P opening, we fail to see what benefit has accrued to either side. Of course, the intricacies of new paths may conceal snares and

H F MARKER (Porbander).—You must look at No. 3945 again. If 1. Kt takes Kt (dis. ch.), P to Kt 4th is surely a sufficient defence. As regards your other matter, we are afraid its execution would cost more pence than we should earn thanks; and how soon would our copy be exhausted?

S HOMER (Toulon).—Your first problem cannot be solved, on account of 1. P takes Kt (dis. ch.). Your second cannot be solved your way because 1. Kt to K 2nd stops it; but it can be solved by 1. Q to K 2nd. In both cases, however, you are merely pole-axing a stalled ox. You must give White a variety of mates, and Black some ingenuity of defence, to arrive at a publishing position.

A C VAUGHAN (Wellington).—We are sorry that, by inadvertence, we made you a reply last week that was founded on an altogether wrong impression. Please pardon the mistake.

PROBLEM No. 3949.—By ARTHUR MOSELEY, BRISBANE.
A Christmas Card from the Antipodes.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 3947.—By H. J. M.

WHITE	BLACK
1. R to Q B 3rd	P to Q 4th
2. Q to K R 3rd	P to K 5th
3. Q to K R 8th, mate.	

If 1. — K moves; 2. Q to Q B 4th (ch) K moves; 3. R mates. A simple, old-fashioned type of problem whose interest is dependent on tactics rather than theme. The main variation is, of course, its only feature, the others being merely incidental and insignificant.

SOLUTIONS OF SPECIAL TWO-MOVE PROBLEMS.

No. 1, Q to R 6th; No. 2, B to Q B 4th; No. 3, K to B 2nd; No. 4, Q to R 5th; No. 5, P to Q 8 becomes Rook; No. 6, K to K Kt 7th. A pleasing group of problems in which our solvers have found much pleasure and considerable success. It may be noted that No. 5, which registered most failures and was awarded a special prize for difficulty on the Continent, was, if our memory is correct, anticipated by a composition of the late J. P. Taylor published in this column many years ago.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3942 received from P V Early (Fatshan, Canton); of No. 3943 from R W Hill (Melbourne); of No. 3944 from H.H. the Maharana Saheb of Porbander, H F Marker (Porbander, India), and John Ransford (Clinton, Ontario); of No. 3945 from H.H. the Maharana Saheb of Porbander, H F Marker (Porbander), J E Houseman (Chicoutimi), and Rev. W Scott (Elgin); and of No. 3946 from R C Durell (Hendon), C W Watson (Masham), J P Smith (Cricklewood), and H W Satow (Bangor).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF No. 3947 received from A Edmeston (Worsley), P J Wood (Wakefield), E M Vicars (Norwich), R B Pearce (Happisburgh), J M K Lupton (Richmond), A C Vaughan (Wellington), R B N (Tewkesbury), F J Falwell (Caterham), James Evans (Goole), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), F E Watkins (Hammersmith), R C Durell (Hendon), Centro Mercantil (Seville), W N Powell (Ladbury), S Homer (Toulon), H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), C H Watson (Masham), and J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF THE SPECIAL TWO-MOVERS received from J M K Lupton (Richmond), 6; G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), 6; P J Wood (Wakefield), 6; A C Vaughan (Wellington), 6; F J Falwell (Caterham), 6; F E Watkins (Hammersmith), 6; R C Durell (Hendon), 6; Centro Mercantil (Seville), 6; W N Powell (Ladbury), 6; H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), 6; James Evans (Goole), 6; R B N (Tewkesbury), 5; C B S (Canterbury), 5; E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), 5; E Pinckney (Driffield), 5; R P Nicholson (Crayke), 4; H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), 4; J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), 4; S Caldwell (Hove), 4; M S Maughan (Barton-on-Sea), 4; S Horner (Toulon), 1; and E W Punnett (Brixton), 1.

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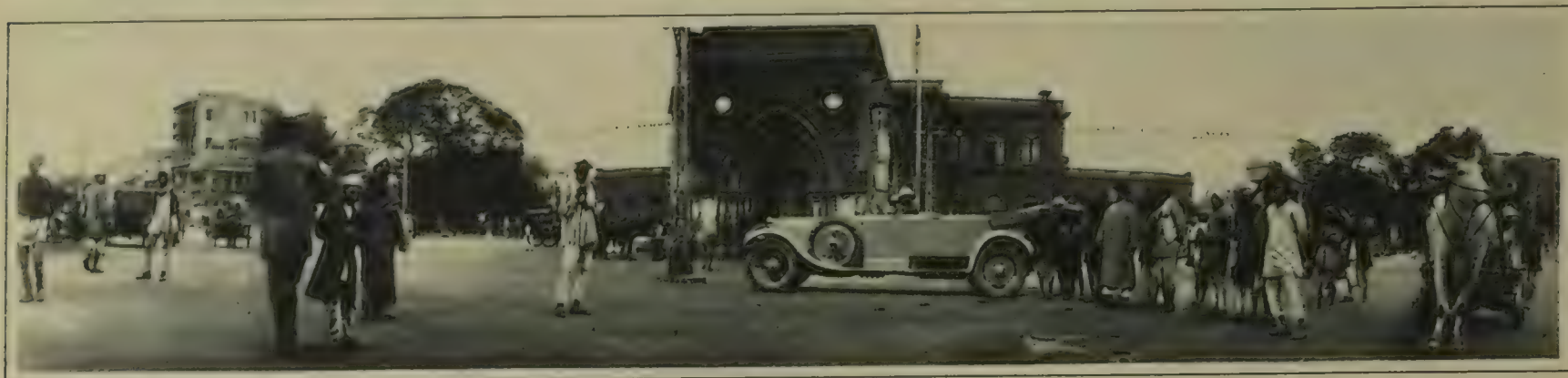
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Cars at Wembley. In connection with the decision of the motor industry not to participate in the reopened British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, I have received two long statements—one from the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and the other from the Association of British Motor Manufacturers. There has,

has declined to take part in the reopened Exhibition. The point of view set out by the Society is that when the British Empire Exhibition was in the making, it was felt to be a matter of loyalty to Empire interests to support it. There was no strong demand from the members of the Society to take part, and it was solely on the ground stated that space was taken and the display organised. The total expenditure incurred is estimated at about

duty, and there remains no more to be said. From the purely commercial standpoint, therefore, the decision not to participate further appears to be quite sound, and I find it very difficult to quarrel with the attitude adopted. In so far as concerns the foreign-influence suggestion, the Association of British Motor Manufacturers forward me a resolution which reads: "This Committee endorses the action taken by the S.M.M.T. in relation to the



A CONTRAST TO THE NATIVE OX-WAGON (ON THE RIGHT): A 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER CAR, TOURING INDIA, SEEN BESIDE THE CLOCK-TOWER IN THE CHANDNI CHOUK, AT DELHI.

it is well known, been considerable discussion in the newspapers and in other places about the decision in question, and it has been said that the Society's attitude has been dictated by the influence of importers and concessionaires whose interests lie with foreign cars. I think the two communications I have referred to effectually dispose of any question of that sort. The first, from the S.M.M.T., deals in *extenso* with the reasons why the motor industry

£200,000, provided by an industry which is not really, as a whole, doing too well.

The whole point of the present attitude of the Society seems to be that it feels there is now no sentiment about supporting the Exhibition, and it is simply a question of business. I think it is a fairly open secret that last year's collective motor exhibit did not result in bringing any business worth talking about, so the Society feels it has done its

British Empire Exhibition, and it is their unanimous view that the participation of British motor-vehicle manufacturers is not justified from any point of view, and that their Overseas interests are best served by the development of exhibitions in the Dominions, such as the All-British Motor Show in Melbourne, 1924." So that the whole matter seems to resolve itself into a question of domestic politics.

W. W.



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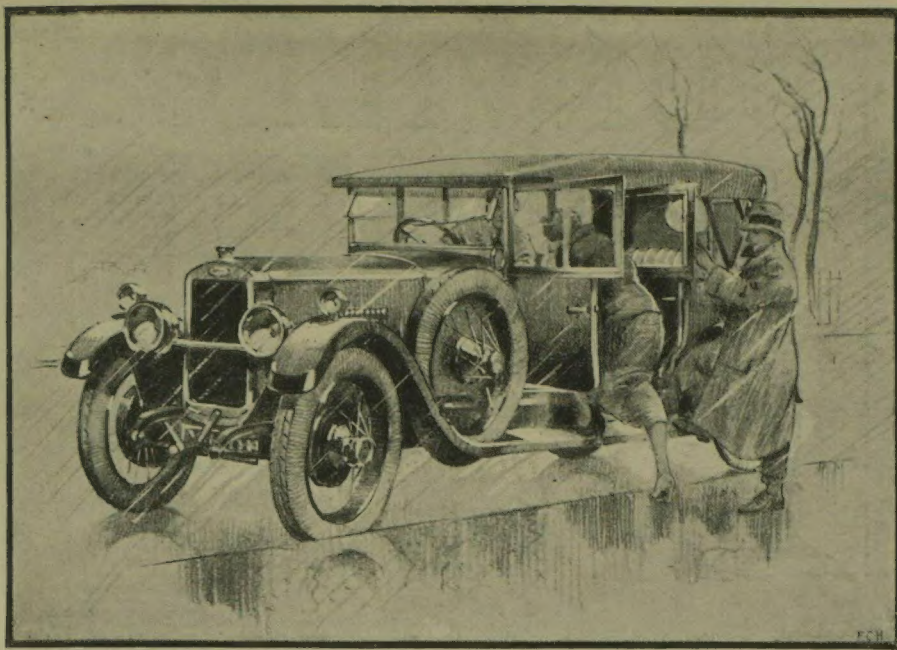
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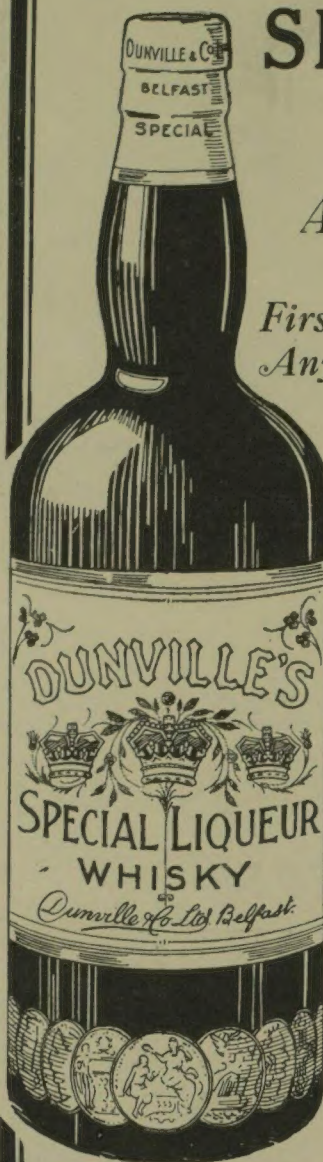
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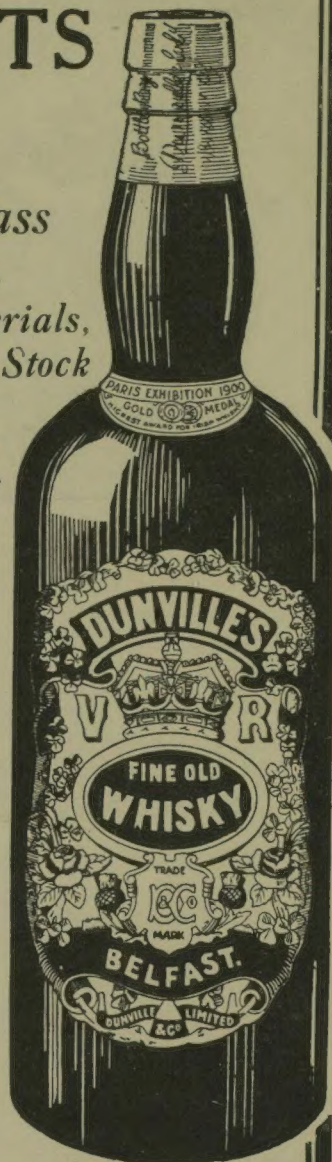
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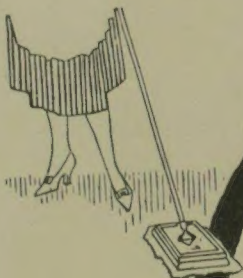
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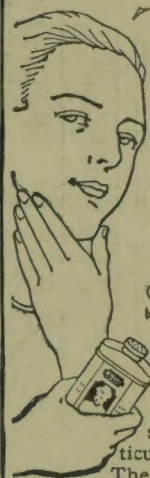
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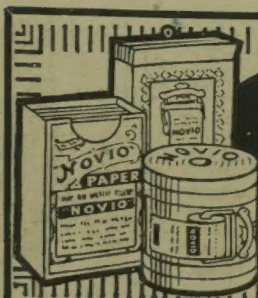
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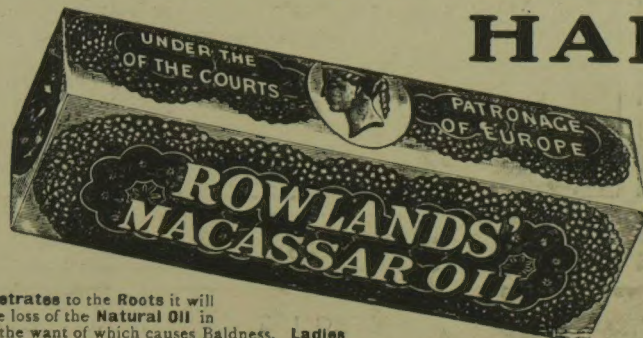
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